

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
OF
LIVERPOOL.

FOR THE
ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH SESSION, 1894-1895,

AND THE
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTH SESSION, 1895-1896.

No. LXIV.



LIVERPOOL.
D. MARPLES & CO., 18A SOUTH CASTLE STREET

1896.

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PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
OF
LIVERPOOL,
DURING THE
ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH SESSION, 1914-1915,
AND THE
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTH SESSION, 1915-1916.

No. LXIV.



LIVERPOOL:
D. MARPLES & CO., 18A SOUTH CASTLE STREET
1916.

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PAPERS PRINTED.

SESSION CIV.

GEORGE H. MORTON, M.S.A.—“The Philosophy of Colour.”

Mrs. KHODADAD, M.A.—“Two Ideals of Woman’s Education.”

ERNEST T. CAMPAGNAC, M.A.—“Standards in Taste and in Morals.”

SESSION CV.

WILLIAM E. SIMS, A.K.C., F.Ph.S.—“Some Reflections on the Study of Literature.”

ALLAN HEYWOOD BRIGHT, J.P.—“The Prophetic Literature of the War.”

LIST OF PRESIDENTS

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE SOCIETY IN 1812.

ELECTED.	
1812	Rev. THEOPHILUS HOULBROOKE, LL.B.
1817	WILLIAM ROSCOE, F.R.S., F.L.S.
1831	THOMAS STEWART TRAILL, M.D.
1833	JOSEPH BROOKES YATES, F.S.A.
1839	Rev. JAMES MARTINEAU, LL.D.
1840	Rev. THOS. TATTERSHALL, D.D.
1843	JOSEPH BROOKES YATES, F.S.A.
1846	Rev. JAMES BOOTH, LL.D., F.R.S.
1849	JOSEPH BROOKES YATES, F.S.A.
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1862	WILLIAM IHNE, PH.D.
1863	JAMES A. PICTON, F.S.A.
1866	Rev. C. D. GINSBURG, LL.D.
1869	J. BIRKEBECK NEVINS, M.D.
1872	ALBERT JULIUS MOTT, F.G.S.
1875	[Sir] JAMES A. PICTON, F.S.A.
1877	JOHN J. DRYSDALE, M.D., M.R.C.S.
1879	[Sir] EDWARD R. RUSSELL.
1881	EDWARD DAVIES, F.C.S., F.I.C.
1883	RICHARD STEEL, J.P.
1885	WILLIAM CARTER, LL.B., M.D., B.Sc.
1887	JAMES BIRCHALL.
1889	Rev. HENRY HUGH HIGGINS, M.A.
1890	BARON LOUIS BENAS, J.P.
1892	Rev. GERALD H. RENDALL, M.A., Litt.D.
1894	J. BIRKEBECK NEVINS, M.D.
1896	JOHN NEWTON, M.R.C.S.
1897	RICHARD J. LLOYD, D.Lit., M.A., F.R.S.E.
1899	Rev. EDWARD N. HOARE, M.A.
1900	J. MURRAY MOORE, M.D., M.R.C.S., F.R.G.S.
1901	Rev. EDMUND A. WESLEY, M.A.
1903	Rev. WILLIAM E. SIMS, A.K.C.
1905	A. THEODORE BROWN.
1906	JAMES T. FOARD.
1907	J. HAMPTON JACKSON, F.R.G.S., F.C.I.S.
1909	ALFRD E. HAWES, M.D.
1910	THOMAS L. DODDS, J.P.
1911	Rev. EDMUND A. WESLEY, M.A.
1912	LIONEL R. WILBERFORCE, M.A.
1913	Rev. EDWARD HICKS, D.D., D.C.L.
1914	GEORGE HENRY MORTON.
1915	Rev. WILLIAM E. SIMS, A.K.C., F.Ph.S.

COUNCIL.

SESSION CIV, 1914-1915.

President:

GEORGE H. MORTON, M.S.A.

Ex-Presidents:

Sir EDWARD R. RUSSELL.
 EDWARD DAVIES, F.C.S.,
 F.I.C.

Rev. G. H. RENDALL, M.A.,
 Litt.D.

Rev. EDMUND A. WESLEY,
 M.A.

Rev. WILLIAM E. SIMS,
 A.K.C.

A. THEODORE BROWN.
 J. HAMPTON JACKSON,
 F.R.G.S., F.C.I.S.
 ALFRED E. HAWKES, M.D.
 THOMAS L. DODDS, J.P.
 Prof. L. R. WILBERFORCE,
 M.A.
 Rev. EDWARD HICKS, D.D.,
 D.C.L.

Vice-President:

NATHAN RAW, M.D., M.R.C.P.

Honorary Treasurer:

Col. J. M. McMaster, V.D.

Honorary Librarian:

Rev. K. E. KHODADAD, B.A.

Hon. Secretary:

WILLIAM J. B. ASHLEY.

Keeper of the Records:

J. HAMPTON JACKSON, F.R.G.S.

JAMES MELLOR.

JOHN W. THOMPSON, B.A.

Mrs. SEPHTON.

BERTRAM B. BENAS, B.A.,
 LL.B.

ROBERT M. CAPON, L.D.S.

EDWARD G. NARRAMORE,
 L.D.S.

KENNETH COOK, F.C.A.

Rev. F. LINSTEAD DOWNHAM,
 A.K.C.

WILLIAM HENRY BROAD,
 M.D., B.S.

ALBERT EDWARD PARKS.

C O U N C I L .

—
S E S S I O N C V , 1 9 1 5 - 1 9 1 6 .
—*President :*

Rev. WILLIAM E. SIMS, A.K.C., F.Ph.S.

Ex-Presidents :

Sir EDWARD R. RUSSELL.	J. HAMPDEN JACKSON,
EDWARD DAVIES, F.C.S.,	F.R.G.S., F.C.I.S.
F.I.C.	ALFRED E. HAWKES, M.D.
Rev. G. H. RENDALL, M.A.,	THOMAS L. DODDS, J.P.
Litt.D.	Prof. L. R. WILBERFORCE,
Rev. EDMUND A. WESLEY,	M.A.
M.A.	Rev. EDWARD HICKS, D.D.,
A. THEODORE BROWN.	D.C.L.
GEORGE H. MORTON, M.S.A.	

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Hon. Secretary :

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BERTRAM B. BENAS, B.A.,	ALFRED W. NEWTON, M.A.
LL.B.	HARRY WINTER.
EDWARD G. NARRAMORE,	ALLAN HEYWOOD BRIGHT,
L.D.S.	J.P.
KENNETH COOK, F.C.A.	Rev. I. RAFFALOVICH.
Rev. F. LINSTEAD DOWNHAM,	ERNEST J. NEVINS, M.B.
A.K.C.	

ORDINARY MEMBERS
ON THE SOCIETY'S ROLL AT THE CLOSE OF THE 105TH SESSION.

Life Members are marked with an asterisk ().*

Associates are marked with a dagger (†).

- Nov. 9, 1908 Ashley, W. J. B., 18 *Highfield-road, Rock Ferry, HON. SECRETARY.*
- Nov. 13, 1876 Ball, Geo. Henry, 15 *Gambier-terrace, Hope-street*
- Oct. 28, 1907 Benas, Bertram B., B.A., LL.B., 4 *Wason-chambers, Harrington-street*
- Jan. 9, 1882 Benas, Phineas A., 5 *Princes-avenue*
- Oct. 9, 1911 Benington, Geo. M., 59 *Newsham-drive*
- Oct. 13, 1913 Bickerton, Thos. Herbert, J.P., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., 88 *Rodney-street*
- Nov. 8, 1909 Black, John, 25 *Alexandra-drive, Princes-park*
- †Nov. 11, 1912 Blakiston, Miss E. M., *Gresford, Pilch-lane, Knotty Ash*
- †Oct. 7, 1895 Bramwell, Miss, *Eye and Ear Infirmary, Myrtle-street*
- Oct. 13, 1913 Bright, Allan Heywood, J.P., *Ashfield, Knotty Ash*
- Oct. 9, 1916 Bright, Mrs. Allan H., *Ashfield, Knotty Ash*
- Oct. 13, 1913 Broad, William Henry, M.D., B.S., 64 *Rodney-street*
- †Oct. 8, 1906 Brookfield, Samuel, 18 *Eaton-road, Cressington*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Brookfield, Mrs. S., 18 *Eaton-road, Cressington*
- Oct. 31, 1892 Brown, A. Theodore, *Carfax, St. Michael's Hamlet, EX-PRESIDENT*

- Oct. 13, 1913 Bryant, Edward Arthur, *Clydesdale*, 8 *Groes-road*, *Cressington*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Burrell, Miss C., 53 *Huskisson-street*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Burrell, Miss A., 53 *Huskisson-street*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Burton, John T., F.C.I.S., *Fradswell*, *Walsay-road*, *Wallasey*
- Oct. 1, 1894 Candlin, W. J., 48 *Prussia-road*, *Hoylake*
- Dec. 20, 1909 Cook, Kenneth, F.C.A., *African-house*, 6 *Water-street*
- Nov. 1, 1915 Cookson, Charles, 3 *Olive-mount Villas*, *Wavertree*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Davis, Miss G. Tank, *Hahnemann Hospital*, *Hope-street*
- Oct. 9, 1916 Dawbarn, C. Y. C., *The Lodge*, *Blundellsands*
- Oct. 18 1915 Digby, P. R., 51 *Stanley-street*, *Tranmere*, *Birkenhead*
- Feb. 10, 1908 Dodds, Thomas L., J.P., *Charlesville*, *Birkenhead*, Ex-PRESIDENT
- Nov. 28, 1892 Douglas, Robert R., *Oaklands*, *Grassendale*
- Oct. 9, 1911 Dowdall, Thos., 12 *Thorburn-road*, *New Ferry*
- Nov. 25, 1912 Downham, Rev. F. Linstead, A.K.C., *Home Lea*, *Oakfield*, *Anfield*
- Nov. 18, 1889 Duncan, W. A., *Great Charlotte-street*
- Nov. 14, 1887 Eastley, Richard, 10 *Sandford-crescent*, *Chelston*, *Torquay*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 English, Miss H. S., 15 *Gambier-terrace*
- Oct. 23, 1916 Eyre, Miss F., *Dovecot*, *Knotty Ash*
- Oct. 29, 1888 Forster, Walter P., 17 *Tarleton-street*
- Oct. 9, 1911 Gill, Geo. Morris, *Grasmere*, *Raby-park*, *Neston*, *Cheshire*
- *Dec. 12, 1892 Gladstone, Robert, Jun., B.C.L., M.A., *Vale-road*, *Woolton*
- Oct. 9, 1911 Hamilton, Augustus, 14 *Hartington-road*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Hamilton, Mrs. Augustus, 14 *Hartington-road*

- †Oct. 9, 1911 Hartley, Miss Eliz., 93 *Ullet-road*
 Oct. 1, 1894 Hawkes, Alfred E., M.D., 3a *Gainsborough-road*, EX-PRESIDENT
 Oct. 25, 1909 Hemingway, John, 1 *Meadowcroft-road*, *Wallasey*
 Oct. 19, 1914 Hemingway, Miss Ruth, 1 *Meadowcroft-road*, *Wallasey*
 Oct. 13, 1913 Holland, Jas. Wm. Thurstan, B.A., 43 *Rodney-street*
 †Nov. 27, 1911 Holt, J. G., 17 *Seafield-drive*, *New Brighton*
 Mar. 10, 1879 Hughes, John W., *Allerton*
 Oct. 9, 1911 Hutchinson, S. Mason, J.P., *The Marfords*, *Bromborough*
 Oct. 9, 1911 Hutchinson, Mrs., *The Marfords*, *Bromborough*
 Oct. 4, 1897 Jackson, J. Hampden, F.R.G.S., F.C.I.S., *Westdene*, *New Brighton*, EX-PRESIDENT
 April 29, 1889 Jones, Morris P., J.P., 11 *Dale-street*
 Oct. 3, 1910 Keith, Rev. Khodadad, E., M.A., *Selside*, *Olive-lane*, *Wavertree*, HON. LIBRARIAN
 †Oct. 19, 1914 Keith, Mrs. Khodadad E., *Selside*, *Olive-lane*, *Wavertree*
 *Dec. 11, 1871 Leigh, Richmond, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., *Reitz*, *Orange River Colony*, *S. Africa*
 Oct. 16, 1916 McDonald, Archie W., M.D., L.R.C.P. *Glencoe*, *Huyton*
 Oct. 30, 1882 McMaster, Col. John Maxwell, C.M.G., V.D. 19 *Castle-street*, HON. TREASURER
 Nov. 8, 1909 McMillan, Miss E., 16 *Ashfield-road*
 *Oct. 13, 1911 Mellor, John, *Rutland House*, *Nicholas-road*, *Blundellsands*
 *Oct. 5, 1914 Mellor, Miss F. E., *Rutland House*, *Nicholas-road*, *Blundellsands*
 March 14, 1910 Morris, Edward E., 27 *Princes-park Mansions*
 March 14, 1910 Morris, Miss Anne Gladys, 18 *Parkfield-road*, *S.*

- March 6, 1882 Morton, George Henry, M.S.A., 14 *Grove-park*, Ex-PRESIDENT
- Oct. 5, 1914 Morton, Mrs., 14 *Grove-park*
- *Oct. 21, 1867 Muspratt, Edmund K., Ph.D., J.P., *Seaforth Hall, Seaforth*
- Nov. 26, 1900 Narramore, Edward G., L.D.S., Eng., 39 *Canning-street*
- Oct. 1, 1894 Nevins, J. Ernest, M.B., Lond., 32 *Princes-avenue*
- Nov. 2, 1896 Newton, Alfred William, M.A., 2 *Princes-gate West*
- Nov. 24, 1910 Parks, Albert Edward, 7 *Irby-avenue, Liscard*
- †Nov. 2, 1914 Parks, Mrs., 7 *Irby-avenue, Liscard*
- Oct. 9, 1913 Public Library, The, of South Australia, *Adelaide*
- Nov. 8, 1909 Raffalovich, Rev. I., 34 *Mulgrave-street*
- Nov. 28, 1910 Raw, Nathan, M.D., M.R.C.P., 66 *Rodney-street, VICE-PRESIDENT*
- Oct. 31, 1881 Rennie, J. W., 38 *Castle-road, Liscard*
- Oct. 25, 1909 Richardson, R. D., *Southlands, Aigburth-road*
- †Nov. 24, 1910 Roberts, H. A., 19 *Halkyn-avenue*
- †Jan. 23, 1911 Robson, Miss Winifred F., 7 *Bertram-road, Sefton-park*
- *Mar. 25, 1912 Rothschild, Hon. Walter, Ph.D., F.R.S., Director Zoological Museum, *Tring, Herts*
- Nov. 12, 1883 Rutherford, William Watson, M.P. (Messrs Rutherford), 41 *Castle-street*
- †Dec. 12, 1892 Rye, Miss Ellen L., *Bedford College, Bedford-street*
- Oct. 18, 1915 Saxton, William, 4 *Freehold-street, Fairfield*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Sears, Miss Annie, 28 *Onslow-road, Fairfield*
- Oct. 18, 1897 Shelley, Roland J. A., F.R.Hist.S., *Denbie House, Formby, Lancashire*
- Oct. 31, 1898 Sims, Rev. W. E., A.K.C., F.Ph.S., *The Vicarage, Aigburth, PRESIDENT*

- †Nov. 2, 1903 Sims, Mrs. W. E., *The Vicarage, Aigburth*
 April 4, 1870 Smith, James, 37 *North John-street*
 Feb. 23, 1863 Smith, J. Simm, 4 *Bramley-hill, Croydon*
 Oct. 4, 1897 Thomas, His Honour Judge, LL.B., B.A.,
 Homewood, Holly-road, Fairfield
 Oct. 21, 1878 Thompson, J. W., B.A., Lond. and Victoria,
 Hazel-bank, Freshfield
 Oct. 19, 1914 Turnbull, G. H., *Southlands, Aigburth-road*
 †Oct. 19, 1914 Walker, Miss Isabel E., *Park House, Huyton*
 Nov. 11, 1912 Warrington, Garfield, 30 *Belvidere-road*
 Oct. 24, 1910 Weightman, Edward J., 29 *Sheil-road*
 Nov. 30, 1896 Wesley, Rev. Edmund Alfred, M.A., 58
 Grove-street, Ex-PRESIDENT
 †Nov. 4, 1901 Wesley, Mrs., 58 *Grove-street*
 April 1, 1901 Wilberforce, Prof. L. R., M.A., 5 *Ashfield-*
 road, Aigburth, Ex-PRESIDENT
 †Nov. 24, 1913 Window, Miss Dora McRae, 28 *Onslow-road,*
 Fairfield
 Oct. 19, 1914 Wright, Alfred E., *Westby Haigh-road,*
 Waterloo
 †Nov. 8, 1909 Wright, Miss, 29 *Greenheys-road, Princes-*
 park
 †Nov. 8, 1909 Wright, Miss M. T., 29 *Greenheys-road,*
 Princes-park

HONORARY MEMBERS.

LIMITED TO FIFTY.

- 1.—1897 Henry Longuet Higgins, 75 *Gunterstone-road, West Kensington, London, W.*
- 2.—1899 Rev. G. H. Rendall, M.A., Litt.D., *Dedham House, Dedham, Essex*, EX-PRESIDEN
- 3.—1908 Sir Edward R. Russell, *Victoria-street*, EX-PRESI-DENT
- 4.—1911 Hugh Reynolds Rathbone, J.P., *Oakwood, Aigburth*
- 5.—1911 Right Rev. Francis James Chavasse, D.D., LL.D., M.A., *The Palace, Abercromby-square*
- 6.—1911 Right Rev. Wm. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., D.C.L., D.Litt., 14 *Wilton-street, London, S.W.*
- 7.—1911 Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, P.C., K.C., M.P., LL.D.,
- 8.—1911 Sir Dyce Duckworth, Bart., M.D., F.R.C.P., LL.D., 28 *Grosvenor-place, London, S.W.*
- 9.—1911 Sir Donald MacAlister, K.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D., M.D., M.A., B.Sc., F.R.C.P., F.R.G.S., *University of Glasgow*
- 10.—1911 Sir Alfred Wm. Winterslow Dale, M.A., LL.D., J.P., *University of Liverpool*
- 11.—1911 Sir Walter Raleigh, K.C.B., M.A., Prof. of English Litt., *Oxford*
- 12.—1911 William Watson, LL.D., *Devonshire Club, St. James's, S.W.*
- 13.—1911 Mrs. Mary Augusta Ward, *Stocks, Tring*
- 14.—1911 Richard Caton, M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P., J.P., *Holly Lea, Livingston-drive South, Liverpool*
- 15.—1911 Professor John MacCunn, M.A., LL.D., *Ben Cruash Lodge, Turret, Loch Lomond*

- 16.—1911 Professor Wm. Abbot Herdman, D.Sc., F.L.S.,
F.R.S., *Croxteth Lodge, Liverpool*
- 17.—1911 Miss Jessie Macgregor, 12 *Chalcot-gardens, Eaton-avenue, London, N.W.*
- 18.—1911 Rev. John Bennet Lancelot, M.A., *Liverpool College, Sefton-park, Liverpool*
- 19.—1912 Right Hon. Edward George Villiers Stanley, P.C
G.C.V.O., C.B., D.L., 17th Earl of Derby,
Knowsley, Prescot
- 20.—1912 Sir Oliver Joseph Lodge, M.Sc., F.R.S., D.Sc.,
LL.D., M.I.E.E., *Mariemont, Edgbaston*
- 21.—1912 Sir Wm. Martin Conway, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.G.S.,
Allington Castle, Maidstone
- 22.—1912 Sir Wm. Bower Forwood, D.L., J.P., *Bromborough Hall, Cheshire*
- 23.—1912 Stuart Deacon, B.A., LL.B., J.P., *Gorse Cliff, New Brighton*
- 24.—1912 Henry Duckworth, F.L.S., F.R.G.S., F.G.S., J.P.,
Grey Friars, Chester
- 25.—1912 Professor Andrew Cecil Bradley, LL.D., Litt.D.,
M.A., 9 *Edwards-square, Kensington, W.*
- 26.—1912 Professor Edward Jenks, B.C.L., M.A., 9 *Old-square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.*
- 27.—1916 Rev. Edward Hicks, D.D., D.C.L.,

THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LIVERPOOL.

Dr. HONORARY TREASURER'S STATEMENT—SESSION 1913-14.

£.r.

RECEIPTS.	£ s. d.	PAYMENTS.	£ s. d.
Balance in Bank from Session 1912-13	... 11 11 3	Royal Institution—Rent	... 12 0 0
Subscriptions received, viz. :—		D. Marples & Co.—Account to Nov. 13	... 18 0 3
69 at £1/1/0	72 9 0	"L'pool" Conrier"—Advertisement of Mr. Moore's	... 14 19 2
29 at 10/6	15 4 6	Paper	... 0 8 0
	<hr/>	"L'pool Daily Post"—Advertisement of Mr. Moore's	
Arrears received	87 13 6	Paper	... 0 0 0
Volumes sold	4 14 6	Mrs. Ellick—Refreshments to Dec. 13	... 1 0 0
Interest allowed by Bank	1 4 0	W. H. Tomkinson—"Lantern," Mr. Capon's Paper	... 10 3 8
Postage received from Dr. Richmond Leigh	0 15 3	Mr. W. J. B. Ashley	... 9 6 2
	<hr/>	"	
	0 3 0	Postages to 30 March/14	... 1 1 0
	<hr/>	"	
	0 3 0	Hon. Treasurer's Expenses of Collection of Sub-	... 2 9 1
	<hr/>	scriptions	0 13 0
	0 3 0	Postages	0 17 6
	<hr/>	Postage on Volumes to Dr. Richmond Leigh	0 8 0
	0 3 0	Cheque Book	0 3 0
	<hr/>	Balance in the Bank	0 2 1
	0 3 0		24 10 7
	<hr/>		
	£106 1 6		£106 1 6

Audited and found correct,

KENNETH COOK,
EDWARD G. NARRAMORE.

LIVERPOOL, October, 1914.

THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LIVERPOOL.

HONORARY TREASURER'S STATEMENT—SESSION 1914-15.

£.r.

£.r.

RECEIPTS.	£ s. d.	PAYMENTS.	£ s. d.	
Balance in Bank from Session 1913-14	24 10 7	Royal Institution—Rent
Subscriptions received, viz. :—			D. Marples & Co.
71 at £1 1/0	74 11 0	Mrs. Ellick for Refreshments
26 at 10/6	13 13 0	Mr. W. J. B. Ashley
	—	88 4 0	Hon. Treasurer's Expenses—Collection of Subscriptions
Arrears received	1 11 6	
Life Subscription—Miss F. E. Mellor	10 10 0	Hon. Treasurer's Postage
Volumes sold	1 1 0	Hon. Secretary—Postage, etc.
D. Marples & Co.—Allowance on £29 1/3/6 Bill	..	0 7 6	W. H. Tomkinson—Lantern, Dr. Hawke's Lecture	1 1 0
Interest allowed by Bank	0 9 9	Messrs. Mann & Crosthwaite Ltd.—Teas	... 1 2 0
	—	—	Balance in the Bank	... 37 16 10
	—	—	
	—	—		£126 14 4

Audited and found correct,

KENNETH COOK,
EDWARD G. NARRAMORE.

LIVERPOOL, 7th October, 1915

PROCEEDINGS
 OF THE
 LIVERPOOL
 LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.
 —————
 ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH SESSION, 1914-15.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Society was held on Monday, the 5th October, 1914. The retiring President, Rev. Edward Hicks, D.D., D.C.L., occupied the chair.

The Hon. Treasurer's Accounts and the following Report of the retiring Council, which had been printed and circulated, were duly adopted:—

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

The One Hundred and Third Session of the Society (1913-14), was presided over by the Rev. Edward Hicks, D.D., D.C.L., whose well reasoned Inaugural Address, "The Outlook in Thought and Culture," was much appreciated, and whose sound comments on the various papers read before the Society have afforded additional interest to its proceedings throughout his Presidential year.

The Session compared favourably with those of previous years. The lectures, both in range of subject and quality of treatment, maintained the intellectual standard

of the Society. The average attendance also increased by 9 per meeting.

Your Council did not in the past year issue a circular inviting new members; their action was guided by the fact that during the Centenary Year considerable expense was incurred in issuing a circular, the result of which did not, unfortunately, fulfil their expectations, and an appeal is now made to all members and associates to introduce as many new members as possible.

The Council record with regret the death during the year of Mr. Henry Jevons, J.P., who at the time of the Centenary Banquet was the oldest surviving member of the Society; of Dr. Robert Traill Omond, F.R.S., grandson of Dr. Thomas Stewart Traill, founder of our Society; of Mr. Baron Louis Benas, J.P., who had been a member for 48 years, and occupied the Presidential Chair in the year 1890-91*; and of Dr. J. Murray Moore who was the President in 1899-1900.

Death has also removed a distinguished honorary member in the person of the Rev. Christian David Ginsburg, LL.D., a former President of the Society. Dr. Ginsburg's eminence in Hebrew Scholarship, and almost unique distinction as an investigator of the traditional text of the Old Testament Scriptures have been described as truly amazing, and the learning manifested in his many publications will remain as a sufficient monument of his work in those fields of literary enquiry.

During the year, Professor Francis Gotch, Mr. Thomas Duncanson, Mr. William Rowlandson, Mr. A. H. Samuel

* Mr. Benas contributed a large number of papers to the Society, all of which were marked by much ability and wealth of knowledge. Eleven of these will be found in the Society's printed *Proceedings*, and the titles of six others are given in the recently compiled Index of its unpublished papers; whilst ten shorter communications of exceptional interest were made by him to various meetings during the Sessions of past years.

Yates, Dr. W. Gay, the Rev. C. Musgrave Brown, and Mr. Philip A. Hale, former members of the Society, have all passed away.

To Mr. Jackson, Keeper of the Society's Records, the warmest thanks of the Society are extended for the valuable lists he has presented to us of unprinted papers from 1812-1912, communications and exhibits for the same period, and an Author Index combining these two lists with that of the printed papers in Mr. Alfred W. Newton's *Centenary Index*. The Society has now in its possession almost all the essential data for a Centennial Volume, and Mr. Jackson is hoping to place at our disposal a completed manuscript of the work (with materials for its illustration), towards the close of the forthcoming Session.

The Council are pleased to state that Mr. Alfred W. Newton, who had resigned the Hon. Librarianship, kindly allowed himself to be re-elected at the commencement of the Session.

On the motion of the Rev. Edmund A. Wesley, M.A., seconded by Dr. Hawkes, the hearty thanks of the Society were given to Dr. Hicks for his constant devotion to the interests of the Society during his period of office.

Dr. Hicks, having suitably replied, introduced the new President, Mr. George H. Morton, M.S.A., to the chair, who then delivered his Inaugural Address, entitled "The Philosophy of Colour." A resolution of thanks to the President for his interesting address was moved by Mr. Hampden Jackson, seconded by Dr. Hicks, and carried unanimously.

Officers for the Session were then duly elected, as follows:—Vice-President—Dr. Nathan Raw, M.R.C.P. Hon. Treasurer—Col. J. M. McMaster, V.D. Hon. Secretary—Mr. William J. B. Ashley. Hon. Librarian—

Rev. K. E. Khodadad, B.A. Keeper of the Records—Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, F.R.G.S.

The following members were elected to serve on the Council in place of the three retiring members :—Rev. F. Linstead Downham, A.K.C., Dr. William H. Broad, B.S., and Mr. Albert E. Parks, and the following were re-elected to serve thereon :—Mrs. Sephton, Mr. James Mellor, Mr. J. W. Thompson, Mr. Bertram B. Benas, Mr. R. M. Capon, Mr. E. G. Narramore, and Mr. Kenneth Cook.

The Rev. K. E. Khodadad, B.A., kindly accepted election as Hon. Librarian, Mr. Newton having resigned during the recess.

Miss Fanny Edith Mellor was elected a Life Member of the Society, and Mrs. Morton an ordinary Member.

ORDINARY MEETINGS.

II. 19th October, 1914. The President (Mr. George H. Morton, M.S.A.) occupied the chair, and intimated that indisposition had compelled Professor Newstead to cancel his lecture, entitled "A Naturalist's Wanderings in Nyassaland." The President then introduced Mr. Keith W. Monsarratt, M.B., F.R.C.S., who read a paper entitled "Creative Evolution, by Henry Bergson: a Critical Analysis."

Mr. G. H. Turnbull, Miss A. J. Musson, Mr. A. E. Wright, and Miss Ruth Hemingway were elected Members of the Society, and Mrs. Khodadad and Miss Isabel E. Walker were elected Associates.

III. 2nd November, 1914. The President occupied the chair. On the motion of Mr. Hampden Jackson, supported by the Rev. E. A. Wesley, the following resolution was unanimously carried:—

"That recognising the long and valuable services to the Society of Mr. Alfred W. Newton, for many years the Hon. Librarian, and lately the compiler and donor to the Society of its useful Index to the printed *Proceedings*, we record our grateful thanks to him in this Minute, and recognise the devotion and thoroughness that has characterised all his work for the Society."

Mr. Jackson alluded with regret to the death of Dr. John William Hayward, M.R.C.S., who was a member of the Society for 25 years.

The evening was devoted to the discussion of "The Treitschke Literature and the Nietzsche Philosophy: Their effects upon Germany."

The President introduced the subject, and Mr. Jackson,

the Rev. Edward Hicks, the Rev. E. A. Wesley, Mrs. Foard, the Rev. K. E. Khodadad, Mr. Winter, and the Rev. I. Raffalovich took part in the discussion which followed.

Mr. E. Wilberforce Brigg was elected a Member of the Society, and Mrs. Parks an Associate.

IV. 16th November, 1914. By invitation of the Library, Museum, and Arts Committee, the meeting was held at the Public Reference Library, William Brown Street. The President occupied the chair. After a cordial welcome had been extended to the Society by Alderman Frank J. Leslie, F.R.G.S., Mr. George T. Shaw, the chief Librarian, addressed the members upon "The Public Library and its Work," illustrated by lantern views. At the conclusion of the address the members were conducted to the Hornby Room, and shewn an interesting collection of books, bindings, and engravings from the Hornby collection.

V. 30th November, 1914. The President occupied the chair. Dr. Alfred E. Hawkes addressed the members upon "Lord Lister—His Life and Work," illustrated by many interesting lantern views.

VI. 14th December, 1914. The President occupied the chair. Mrs. Khodadad, M.A., read a paper entitled "Two Ideals of Woman's Education."

VII. 25th January, 1915. The President occupied the chair. The Rev. F. Linstead Downham, A.K.C., read a paper entitled "Three Victorian Poets—Alfred Tennyson, Robert Browning, Matthew Arnold."

VIII. 8th February, 1915. In the absence of the President, the Rev. E. A. Wesley occupied the chair. Mrs. Foard read a paper entitled "Wordsworth—His Poems and Environment."

IX. 22nd February, 1915. The President occupied

the chair, and introduced Mr. S. R. Dodds, M.A.. LL.D., who read a paper entitled "Napoleon, the Hundred Days, and Waterloo."

X. 8th March, 1915. The President occupied the chair, and introduced Professor Ernest T. Campagnac (Professor of Education, University of Liverpool), who read a paper entitled "Standards in Taste and in Morals."

XI. 22nd March, 1915. The President occupied the chair. The Rev. E. A. Wesley addressed the members upon "The New Literature of 1914."

The Rev. W. E. Sims, A.K.C., was unanimously elected President for the next Session.

The attendances at the meetings during the Session were:—Annual Meeting, 45; Ordinary Meetings, 41, 37, 32, 53, 45, 35, 32, 33, 51, 33.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTH SESSION, 1915-16.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Society was held on Monday, the 4th of October, 1915. In the absence of the retiring President, Mr. George H. Morton, the new President, the Rev. W. E. Sims, A.K.C., was invited to take the chair by Mr. Hampden Jackson. In the absence of the Hon. Treasurer (Col. J. M. McMaster), who was with his battalion in France, the Financial Statement was presented by the Hon. Secretary (Mr. William J. B. Ashley). This, together with the Report of the Council, which had been read, was then duly adopted.

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

The One Hundred and Fourth Session of the Society (1914-15) considering the circumstances of the year, may be considered as successful as recent sessions. It was presided over by Mr. George H. Morton, M.S.A., whose interesting inaugural address, entitled "The Philosophy of Colour," was much appreciated. The lectures, as usual, shewed great diversity of subjects, and their treatment, maintained the high standard of the Society; the average attendance throughout the session has been 40 per meeting.

On the outbreak of the War the public dinner that was to be held on 23rd October, and the social functions that

had been arranged were cancelled. The circular letter that had been addressed to you by the Rev. Dr. Hicks before the close of his year of office, inviting your co-operation in securing candidates for membership, met with a gratifying response. The membership of the Society is now larger than it has been for many years, and the Council hopes that members and associates will continue to exercise their influence in introducing as many new members as possible.

The Council records with regret the death of a distinguished and valued honorary member, in the person of the Rev. John Sephton, M.A. Mr. Sephton became a member in 1866, and was elected an honorary member in 1912. Of his learned papers to the Society, six are included in the printed volumes of *Proceedings*. At the Centenary Banquet, Dr. Gerald H. Rendall instanced Mr. Sephton as one of the scholars and widely cultured men, whose society he had enjoyed during his own membership, and classed Mr. Sephton as "First in literature and letters."

The decease of Mrs. Foard has removed from among us a lady of education and much ability. Mrs. Foard contributed several admirable papers to the Society, and was an effective and graceful speaker, often participating in the general discussions at the meetings; she was a member of the Council for many years.

During the year Mr. William Stevenson, Mr. Edward Allen, and Dr. John William Hayward (a former member of the Society), have passed away.

To Mr. Alfred W. Newton, who resigned the Hon. Librarianship during the recess—after many years active tenure of that office—the warmest thanks of the Council are extended. Mr. Newton's valuable services to the Society, notably in the compilation of "The Centenary

Index Volume," are recognised and appreciated, and a resolution to this effect is recorded in the Minutes.

The Rev. K. E. Khodadad, M.A., kindly accepted election as successor to Mr. Newton.

The President alluded with much sympathy to the deaths of Mrs. Sephton and Mrs. Foard, and remarked that Mrs. Sephton had been associated with the Society for forty years. By the death of Mrs. Foard the Society was deprived of a lady, who had on several occasions addressed the members, and participated in the general discussions of the Sessions.

Mr. Hampden Jackson then spoke of the indebtedness of the Society to Mr. Sims, and remarked that Mr. Sims' literary papers had been for many years a leading feature of the Society, and his observations in its discussions were greatly appreciated.

The President, having suitably replied, then delivered his Inaugural Address, entitled "Some Reflections on the Study of Literature." A resolution of thanks to the President for his interesting paper was moved by the Rev. E. A. Wesley, seconded by Mr. Ball, and carried by cordial acclamation.

Officers for the Session were then duly elected as follows:—Vice-President—Dr. Nathan Raw, M.R.C.P. Hon. Treasurer—Col. J. M. McMaster, V.D. Hon. Secretary—Mr. William J. B. Ashley. Hon Librarian—Rev. K. E. Khodadad, M.A. Keeper of the Records—Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, F.R.G.S.

The following members were elected to serve on the Council in place of the three retiring members:—Mr. Allan H. Bright, J.P., Rev. I. Raffalovich, and Mr. Ernest J. Nevins, M.B., and the following were re-elected to serve thereon:—Mr. James Mellor, Mr. B. B. Benas, B.A.,

LL.B., Mr. E. G. Narramore, L.D.S., Mr. Kenneth Cook, F.C.A., Rev. F. Linstead Downham, A.K.C., Mr. Albert Parks, Mr. Alfred W. Newton, M.A., and Mr. Harry Winter.

ORDINARY MEETINGS.

II. 18th October, 1915. The President occupied the chair. Mr. Ball read a letter giving a descriptive account of the damage caused by Zeppelins in the recent air raid on London.

The President then introduced Dr. W. M. Tattersall (Keeper of the Museum, University of Manchester), who delivered a lecture entitled "A Naturalist in Australia," which was illustrated by many admirable lantern views.

Mr. William Saxton and Mr. P. R. Digby were elected Members of the Society.

III. 1st November, 1915. The President occupied the chair. The Rev. Edward Hicks, D.D., D.C.L., read a paper entitled "The England of Shakespeare."

Mr. Charles Cookson was elected a Member of the Society.

IV. 15th November, 1915. The President occupied the chair. The Rev. Edmund A. Wesley, M.A., read a paper entitled "Locke, Berkeley, and Hume: a Sequence in the Philosophical Theory of Knowledge."

V. 29th November, 1915. The President occupied the chair. Mr. Allan Bright, J.P., read a paper entitled "Prophetic Literature of the War."

VI. 13th December, 1915. The President occupied the chair. Mr. Ball read an extract from an article which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for May, 1845, descriptive of the condition of affairs during the Napoleonic regime, and then proceeded to contrast that time with the

events then taking place on the continent. The President warmly thanked Mr. Ball for his communication, and then introduced Professor W. R. Halliday, B.A., B.Litt. (Professor of Ancient History, University of Liverpool), who gave an address entitled "A Summer in Cappadocia," which was illustrated by many interesting lantern views.

VII. 17th January, 1916. The President occupied the chair, and referred to the serious loss the Society had sustained by the deaths of Sir Henry Roscoe, F.R.S., and Dr. Andrew Commins (Honorary Members), of Mr. James Mellor, who had been a member since 1873, and of Archdeacon Madden and Mr. Darbshire, former members of the Society.

After congratulating Col. J. M. McMaster, V.D. (Hon. Treasurer), on being made a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, in recognition of his valuable services in France with the battalion under his command, the President introduced Miss A. Maude Royden, who addressed the members upon "Colour in the Poetry of Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning,"

VIII. 31st January, 1916. The President occupied the chair. Mr. Theodore Brown read a paper entitled "The Lusiads of Camoëns: an Introduction."

IX. 14th February, 1916. The President occupied the chair, and introduced Professor Oliver Elton, M.A. (Professor of English Literature, University of Liverpool), who read a paper entitled "Walter Bagehot as a Critic."

X. 28th February, 1916. The President occupied the chair, and introduced Mr. Harold Chaloner Dowdall, M.A., B.C.L. (Chancellor of the Diocese of Liverpool), who gave an address entitled "The Anatomy of the Body Politic."

XI. 13th March, 1916. The President occupied the chair, and introduced Mr. James Granville Legge (Director

of Education in Liverpool), who gave an address entitled "Gothic Sculpture," illustrated by a series of beautiful lantern views of the sculpture on Rheims Cathedral.

XII. 27th March, 1916. On the President taking the chair, the Rev. E. A. Wesley proposed that Mr. Sims be re-elected President of the Society for the next Session. The proposal was seconded by Mr. A. Theodore Brown, and carried with cordial acclamation.

In accepting the Presidency for the ensuing Session, Mr. Sims said he did so with the greatest pleasure, and warmly appreciated the honour that had again been conferred upon him that evening.

The President then introduced Mr. J. A. Tessimond, President of the Birkenhead Literary and Scientific Society, who read a paper entitled "Charles Dickens: a Present Day Estimate."

The President intimated that Mr. Walter James Melhuish, Hon. Lecturer of the Philosophical Society of England, had deferred his visit to the Society for the present.

The attendances at the meetings during the Session were:—Annual Meeting, 55; Ordinary Meetings, 36, 45, 30, 51, 35, 41, 38, 25, 26, 49, 29.

PAPERS READ DURING
THE 104TH AND 105TH SESSIONS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COLOUR.

BY GEORGE H. MORTON, M.S.A.,
PRESIDENT.

UNIVERSALITY OF COLOUR.

OF all the natural phenomena that affect our senses colour is probably the most universally appreciated. Without any perceptible mental or physical effort it discloses to the mind, through the eye, a sense of beauty, and gives us more constant and general pleasure than we experience from perhaps any other sensation. Unlike sound, colour is seldom disagreeable, nor does it assert itself in a really disagreeable manner. There is a similarity between the sensations of sound and colour—they are often compared. Both are caused by vibrations, not of the same kind, but still vibrations which affect the mind, sound through the medium of the ear, light and colour through the medium of the eye. The majority of the sounds we hear seem to me disagreeable—the noise of traffic, the motor horn, the steam whistle, and many other noises are irritating, and were it not that we have become gradually accustomed to them, would be more noticeable and objectionable than they are; at any rate we are usually glad to get away from them and seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a modern city seldom affords.

Colour, on the contrary, though always present like sound, is generally a gratification. This is pre-eminently the case in the country, but even in the town, though our streets and buildings may become gloomy, they are constantly enlivened by the dresses of women, the colours of

vehicles, the shop windows, advertisement posters, and many other objects reflecting colour. In the country and city alike, the general effect is harmonious but neutral, for there is seldom much positive strong colour present, and when there is, "distance lends enchantment to the view." The more brilliant colours are in small quantities, and only appear vivid when near to us—in the country flowers constitute the chief source, and in the town dress, and the other causes to which I have just referred.

The present tendency for brighter colours in outdoor dress seems to me justified. Colours which in themselves might be considered aggressive and in questionable taste, add considerably to the brightness of our streets, and are advantageous to the general colour effect. Colour until recently seems to have been the monopoly of our Continental neighbours.

Colour is usually and perhaps exclusively associated with art, indeed it would be difficult to imagine art in a general way without it. In recent years, however, it occupies an important and increasing place in science. It is essential to chemistry, to astronomy, to psychology, to physiology, at any rate so far as the eye is concerned, and forms part of the science of physics itself. Further, it may be considered entirely from the scientific side as the science of Chromatics.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COLOUR.

To consider and study the various phenomena, to ascertain the relations between the aesthetic, scientific, and other facts and ideas concerning colour, instead of accepting it, in the haphazard manner we generally do, constitutes in my mind a Philosophy of Colour. The more we study colour the more do we desire to trace out those laws concerning it, recognising the fact that colour, like

other sensations which we experience, is governed by definite connections of fixed order and uniformity. From these facts and phenomena we form conceptions and ideas of a reasonable kind, and comparing the relations existing between them, obtain a clearer understanding and a wider and truer knowledge of the real value of colour.

HISTORIC COLOURS.

The appreciation of colour is not a modern conception. It has been peculiar, not only to most civilisations but to barbarous people, though with the uncivilised it was commonly used in a crude and primitive manner. Even with so great a civilisation as the ancient Egyptians, and most Oriental races, the number of colours employed were few, they were generally confined to the three primary pigment colours, red, yellow and blue. With the Egyptians these colours were applied to fill in spaces already outlined. There was no light and shade or gradation of colour. The effect was monotonous and severe, exhibiting a crude harmony in which delicacy and charm were neglected if not entirely absent.

Owing to the crudeness of the colours of the Egyptians and contemporary races, it can easily be imagined that the hard colour effects of that period were not altogether compatible with the refinement of the Greeks, whose idea of beauty was largely concentrated on form, symmetry and proportion. This conception was realized to so great an extent and with such a delicacy of perception never before appreciated, and to which no modern civilisation has attained, or is like to attain unless social and other conditions alter considerably.

Colour, though subservient to form, was by no means absent from Greek art. In Pausanias and Pliny accounts of the Greek paintings are most minutely described. From

these descriptions one might imagine that there never had been anything so beautiful. The only examples however, of Greek colours that survive are the terra-cotta vases, the colours of which are largely due to, and naturally result from, the material employed in the making. All the Greek paintings have perished, not a single shred remains, but, from the descriptions, paintings of very considerable magnificence adorned their buildings, and the sculptured ornaments and mouldings were defined by colour. The colours used by the Greeks were deficient in variety, and like those of the Egyptians were few. Pliny tells us that they consisted only of red and yellow—probably gold—with white and black. Unlike the Egyptian colours they were more sparingly and subtly employed. The Greeks seemed to have used colour—as we might imagine they would do—to define and emphasize that beauty of form, the perfection of which was their one great aim. To give a clearer outline, and at the same time produce that mellowing and softening effect which the judicious use of colour is capable of attaining, and thus combine various details into one harmonious whole. Colour, therefore, to the Greeks was of secondary importance in its application, but of primary importance in creating a refined bloom over a whole scheme, producing a sort of atmosphere which enhanced the general effect. In the Greek Temple it is everywhere apparent that the object was to attain a perfection worthy of the Gods. In the Roman Temple the aim seems to have been self glorification.

The lavishness of the Romans naturally revived brilliant colours, but they, like their predecessors, used few colours. The brilliancy of the colour decorations unearthed at Pompeii and Herculaneum testify to the extraordinary permanence of the pigments employed, but are practically limited to the three primary colours.

These decorations done by Greek artists give evidence of the excellence of the work, they indicate a freedom of style and a command of the brush entirely absent from earlier work. In the examples that survive, there is an almost perfect harmony of colour, though as time went on splendour and grandeur of effect resulted in a gaudiness of colour rather than intrinsic beauty.

The charm of Oriental colours is well known, but they again seem to be confined to the primary trinity of red, yellow and blue, with black and white. These simple colours were not mixed together, so as to obtain compound colours, but were so balanced that when viewed at a distance they appeared blended and presented a neutralized bloom. In the result obtained the predominating colour asserted itself and gave the hue to the otherwise colourless effect. It was only on a nearer inspection that the brilliance and freshness of the colours became apparent. The Arabs and the Moors obtained magnificent effects in this way. At Cairo the dome of one of the mosques appears coloured a soft green tone remarkable for its freshness considering that no direct light shines upon it. On a near inspection it is found that instead of being painted one even tone it is dotted all over with blue and yellow spots on a white ground, leaving parts of this ground exposed. Distance causes these colours to blend and produce a most beautiful tone, impossible to obtain by pigment mixture. But the most remarkable effect of the colour is that it is not stationary, its hue seems to change as we look upon it, varying from a bluish to a yellowish green. This extraordinary impression may be explained by the fact that the vibrations of light which excite the sensation of yellow being stronger than those that excite blue, the two colours do not affect the eye simultaneously, hence they are each asserting and reasserting themselves and

cause a sort of movement which, as compared with one dull even tint might, I think, be fitly termed living colour. We experience similar effects in paintings from nature. Take a white cottage for instance in sunlight. It is not like a sheet of white paper, but owing to its rough surface, and the construction of our eyes, is reflecting all sorts of prismatic tints, so that in painting we have to use broken colour of every conceivable hue to obtain a natural and realistic effect. The Impressionist School appreciates the value of this method of combining colours in the highest degree producing luminous effects—with, as Mr. Ruskin describes, not only light in the sky, but light from it.

As regards early Christian art, Byzantine and Gothic, we still find that the colours employed almost entirely consisted of the three primary pigment colours. Similar to those used by the Orientals, but different as regards design and symbolic of Christianity. It was not until the Renaissance that an enlarged appreciation of colour is apparent, and even in the works of the great painters of that time a preference for the purer primary colours is observable, especially in giving prominence to the principal points of a subject.

THE COLOUR SENSE.

Whether this limitation of the colour sense to practically three primary colours was due to an inability to see or discriminate the more subtle or complex colours which we are now able to distinguish, or whether these early colourists never thought of combining or mixing colours together, it is difficult to determine. It may have been that the eye was at fault and was unable to combine colours, that the three sets of nerves responding to three colours acted independently, in which case all compound colours would necessarily be impossible. Whatever was

the explanation, the fact remains that the colours appreciated and employed from the most ancient times were few—seldom more than three—with white and black. It seems probable that the ancients could only distinguish the strongest contrasts similarly to the child or the savage of to-day, whose ideas of colour correspond with his conception of music, which amounts to little more than the beating of a drum to an accompanying chant on one note.

COLOUR BLINDNESS.

It has been suggested that in remote ages people did not see colours at all, but that the colour sense has gradually developed. From this period of no sense of colour, recognition of some three strong clearly defined elementary colours gradually evolved, followed by the appreciation of the almost unlimited range of tones, shades and hues, which we are able to distinguish to-day, for it has been estimated that the eye can now discriminate not less than three million distinct tints, and can tell the 360th part of white added to any colour. There can be no doubt that the colour sense has gradually developed, and there probably was a time when colour was unperceived and practically did not exist. It has been argued that modern colour blindness is the reversion to that state when all were colour blind. Total colour blindness is comparatively rare, but partial colour blindness is much more common than is generally supposed. The partial colour blind are often unaware of the defect, and naturally resent any suggestion of it. It has been estimated that one person out of every eighteen has an imperfect colour sense, though the defect is almost exclusively confined to the male sex. Women are seldom colour blind, and generally speaking, have a keener colour perception than men. Partial colour

blindness may account for the different names given by different individuals to the same colours. At any rate it seems to prove that we do not all see colours exactly alike, or are excited by them in the same manner or degree. Blue for instance is often named green or purple. The term red to some people indicates almost an orange, to others a warm purple. Any slight difference in the nerves of the retina that respond to colour would account for this variability of the colour sense.

The different notions people have, however, concerning the names of colours may be due to another cause, the relativity of colour. The hue of a colour depends on the other colours with which it is associated or placed in juxtaposition. A colour always appears tinged with the hue of the complementary of the contiguous colour. Thus any colour placed next green would appear of quite a different hue when next red. For instance grey next red appears pale green, but next green has a pale pink hue. Blue next purple presents a greenish hue, next yellow it assumes an almost purple hue. The different ideas as to the names of a colour is therefore hardly avoidable in a subject of so relative character and of such chameleon-like properties.

Ignorance of colour terms may also explain the inability of some persons to name a colour correctly. It used to be a method of testing people whose occupations necessitated an exact or normal colour sense, to require them to name particular colours, and it was often concluded erroneously that those unable to do so, or who named them incorrectly, were at least partially if not altogether blind to colour. The defect in many cases was found to be, not in the eye, but in an ignorance of the colour terms—not knowing the names of the particular colours shewn. The method generally adopted now is, I believe, to mix together

a number of various coloured wools and require the persons being tested to sort them out and place each identical skein together. The mistakes made by the colour blind are often very remarkable and variable.

Persons affected with colour blindness are usually insensible to red, though there are cases when other colours are invisible and red predominates. Colour blindness may be caused by a long exposure to one strong colour. It is recorded that some observers in order to test the effect of one strong colour upon the eye, wore spectacles of ruby coloured glass for several hours. This prolonged action of the red light upon the eye finally, to a considerable extent, tired out and destroyed the nerves responding to red vibrations, so that on removing the spectacles only two colours in the spectrum were visible, red was entirely absent—just as in the case of those who are actually blind to that colour. All red objects appeared to them to be dull green or brown.

That the eye tires of one colour though keenly sensitive to another, is well known, and as the weariness increases so also does the ratio of a more intense appreciation of its opposite or complementary colour. Red for instance appears more brilliant and intense when placed in juxtaposition with, or immediately following its complementary green. The particular nerves excited by red become wearied by their prolonged effort, while those unaffected, responding to green, are not only able to respond to their particular colour, but in consequence of the action on their wearied fellows, are able to appreciate it in a far higher degree. The effect of any colour upon the eye is rendered more vigorous when preceded by its complementary colour, more dull or indistinct, when accompanied by other similar colours, and more light and dark respectively when in association with deeper or lighter

tones. Perhaps the most lasting and agreeable impressions are when colours are attended or followed by their complementary or opposite colours, which if combined, would produce grey or white—perhaps the least pleasant when one primary or brilliant colour is viewed alone for a lengthened period of time. Though no impressions are actually painful of themselves, unless intensely vivid, they may be disagreeable, and if prolonged, injurious to the eye.

NECESSITY OF CHANGE.

Colour, therefore, is not only important in our surroundings, but change in our colour environment is essential. In our homes it is not only pleasant and enlivening, but desirable that the colours in each apartment should be different. If they were each of the same colour, and that a strong positive colour, our eyes would suffer even to a possibility of partial colour blindenss. Were it not for this necessary change of colour, particular retinal nerves would be over excited and strained to their detriment, but change of colour permits the different colour appreciating nerves alternate excitement and rest. When all these nerves are excited simultaneously as in the case of white, the eye has no rest.

The physical desire for change in colours accounts for what is often attributed to mere fashionable caprice. A particular colour in decoration or dress is popular, and one frequently hears the question, what is the new colour? For instance, if purple—or its more fanciful and attractive names heliotrope, amethyst, or violet—is popular for a time, then its complementary orange will be the new colour and fashionable afterwards. The eye has been satiated with purple and tires of it, it requires change. The nerves responding to purple are wearied by their prolonged effort, and those excited by orange have rested so long that they

desire to assert themselves, and the so called tango red or orange is the result. It is not so much a question of fashion, but of the natural requirement of the eye. The change I have indicated has actually occurred during the past year or two, and similar changes are continually taking place. Change however, does not entirely depend upon the substitution of one colour for another. We may have the required contrasting colour in one scheme, as for instance, in an apartment where a particular colour and its complementary are both present. A scheme of decoration in which the ceiling, instead of being painted the "eternal" white, was coloured a tone complementary to the general colour of the walls and woodwork, would be eminently satisfactory. This opposite colour would not only enhance the beauty of the other colours, but would relieve the eyes whenever they turned towards it. As for instance a room in which the walls were red and the woodwork dark oak, might have the ceiling a dull grey green. A scheme in which the prevailing tones were amber might have the ceiling colour a complementary tone of purple. Such schemes would be the more lasting, because we have the necessary change or opposite colours constantly in evidence.

If change of colours in our surroundings is not provided, nature seems to force it upon us. We observe, say a red object for a few moments, and then close our eyes—the same form appears but not the same colour, instead we see its complementary or opposite colour, green, thus indicating a yearning of the eye for change. The effect of shadows is also remarkable, they are usually tinted with the hue of an opposite colour. Our own shadows on a sunny day are a distinct purple, due to the prevalence of so much yellow from the sun. The shadows from a red brick wall appear tinted green—red's complementary colour.

A unique example of the value of complementary

colours in a scheme, and one that illustrates this point is the interior of St. Mark's, Venice, probably one of the finest colour effects in the world. The walls are a kind of purply brown marble, and the ceilings mainly gold mosaic. These colours are complementary to each other. The gold gives the marble marvellous purple hues that of itself it does not really possess. The eyes of an observer imperceptibly wandering from ceiling to walls, and from walls to ceiling, are constantly being refreshed—the gold creates the desire for purple, and the purple the desire for gold, so that the beauty of both colours is greatly enhanced and the eyes never tire.

INFLUENCE OF COLOUR.

The difference in our ideas of colour at different times is an interesting subject. Some 30 years ago William Morris inaugurated a period of dull dark tones which was followed by the "greenery gallery" school. The interior of our homes were made gloomy or sickly by jaundiced tints, producing effects calculated possibly for poetic meditation and study, but hardly in accord with the more sporting, extravagant and exciting influences now prevalent. The colour sense was hardly excited at all—people lived in a calmer sort of atmosphere—men were more serious, and women affected medieval dress and manners. But this was before hotel life and the motor car came into being, and sport became the all absorbing topic of interest. These more exciting conditions have consequently brought about a preference for those exciting and brilliant colours abhorred by our forefathers, referred to with scorn by Lady Jane in "Patience" as the "primary colours," and quite incompatible with the "foot in the grave young man" of 30 years ago.

Brilliance is essential to sport. The Club, University

and school colours, the colours at a Race Meeting, all tend to the interest and excitement of the game, and create an enthusiasm that would otherwise be dampened if not absent to a very large extent. The prevailing colours of an age consequently reflect as it were the idiosyncrasies and temperament of the period, but they also denote the character of the individual. A person who requires large doses of strong colours, before he can appreciate them, must necessarily be less refined than he who finds a real aesthetic gratification in subdued and delicate tones. As in music, the people who can only enjoy a catchy music hall song, or a ragtime melody—so called—lack that refinement which a genuine appreciation of a Beethoven sonata or a Wagner overture denotes.

COLOUR AND HEALTH.

Colour is largely concerned with our health. If we surround ourselves with gloomy and dull colours, we naturally become gloomy and pessimistic. We have all experienced the depressing effect of the dull damp weather of winter, and felt how our spirits revive at the first indications of spring and summer. This is largely due to colour, the blue sky, the fresh bright green leaves and the colours of flowers. The sensations we experience in nature we also appreciate in our indoor surroundings. I am perfectly certain that persons may become melancholy, irritable and unhappy by the colours they have to endure, and their health suffers as a natural consequence. Some colours excite and irritate—others have a soothing and healing effect. Red and yellow stimulate the physical functions, whereas blue and green have an opposite effect. A person of an anxious, nervous, excitable disposition should avoid certain colours which would be beneficial to anyone of an opposite temperament. It has been found undesirable to

place dangerous lunatics in a red room, doing so brings out or encourages their violent tendencies. Similarly to confine a melancholiac in a dull dark room would possibly increase his morbidness, whereas bright colours and cheerful surroundings would tend to brighten his mind and cure him. It has even been suggested that colour accounts for some of our actions—that we are not really to blame for many things we do—which we ought not to do—because it is all due to the colours with which we live. A contributor to "Punch" relates that if instead of going to a lawyer when "things run off the rails a bit," we called in a colour expert, all sorts of horrors might be avoided, for he would prove that our misdoings were owing to our colour environment. "Punch" also tells of a miserly old lady who has a taxi meter fixed in her own motor car, and expects anyone driving with her to pay what it registers, and that colour experts say that if it were not for the frightfully dull dusty purple in which all her rooms are decorated, "she might part quite freely," and be ever so generous. It has been advocated that instead of taking drugs, we should subject ourselves to colour influence. Mr. R. Dimsdale Stocker in a little book, called "Colour as a Curative Agent," describes the different colour remedies and the method to be followed in applying them. He also points out the effects of different colours on the affections, passions, and other emotions of life.

Experiments have been made upon vegetable life with remarkable results. Some plants under red glass have grown to four times their normal size: others under blue and green have perished. It is argued that if such changes take place in the vegetable kingdom the influence of colour on animal life may be considerable. The source of light and colour is the sun; its rays give life. Each of these rays caused by different lengthened vibrations represented

by different colours possess definite properties which affect our physical, mental and moral life. The evil effect of colours upon us may be partially due to dull, dirty shades, to want of a proper harmony or balance of colours, to the contrasts being too strong; a good deal depends on our individual dispositions, but it is generally the result of an excessive amount of one colour or white. I have told the story before of the lady who, to use her own words, had a great partiality for red; so much so, that she had most of her rooms painted in that colour. A few months after the work was done, she complained of the monotony of it, but still more of the colour fading to dull brown. On my inspecting the work I was struck by the intensity of the red, and on being asked as to the cause of the deterioration or fading, replied that to my eyes the colour was as bright as it well could be, but that she herself was gradually becoming colour blind to red, due to her eyes being constantly and almost exclusively excited by that one colour.

Another personal experience I may relate is the case of a clergyman who had his study walls covered with a bright red wall paper. Calling upon him one day I found him at work in his dining-room. He told me that he always felt uncomfortable in his study, that he became restless, and could not settle to work. I suggested altering the colour of his walls to a neutral green; this was done, and peace and serenity were restored to him.

A local example of the effect of red may be experienced at the new Adelphi Hotel. The smoke-room there has red walls, red carpet, and red furniture. Most people on entering the room experience a peculiar excitable sensation, and do not seem to remain in it long. I generally find the room empty. What would have been the effect if the ceiling and woodwork had also been red, it is unpleasant to contemplate.

The absence of colour altogether, though not so pernicious as a long exposure of one strong colour, is very undesirable. A grey tone may be tolerated, but a pure white is objectionable and injurious to the eyes. One has only to remain in a white tent for some time to experience the effect. Snow covered land is somewhat analogous. The effect of white upon the eyes of arctic explorers is well known. Darkened spectacles are worn, not so much on account of the intense cold, but because of the blinding effect of the continuous and unchanging white upon the eyes.

THE OBJECTIVE SIDE OF COLOUR.

From my preceding remarks it may be concluded that colour is not only an aesthetic gratification and a means of distinguishing and defining form, it is a necessary requirement of the eye which suffers when exposed to inharmonious colours, to the sustained action of one strong colour, and to light without colour. If the eye suffers the general health will also be affected. This subjective consideration of colour, however, is only one side of a two-sided subject. Colour has also its objective side. We experience sensations which we call colour, but objects in nature cause these sensations. It is well known that colours do not exist outside ourselves, but are caused by vibrations of light upon the retina of the eye. Were it not that the eye is sensitive to colours, these different vibrations would be practically imperceptible degrees of heat.

White light consists of different lengthened vibrations, each producing a different colour sensation, simple or compound, but so long as these vibrations remain united the impression is white. Something then takes place in the light when it shines upon natural objects, or on these objects themselves, in order to separate the different

vibrations and produce the various colour sensations upon the retina. This something is the power which all natural bodies have of selecting their own particular colour, though no natural body actually creates colour. It simply absorbs or destroys a part of the white light shed upon it, and rejects the remainder. The portion so rejected, and not that retained, determines the particular colour.

The colouration of pigments of flowers, of green leaves, indeed of all things is due to this combination of reflection with the phenomenon of absorption. Coloured light must be reflected, or it would be invisible. If not reflected the result would be black. All colour pigments are composed of minute particles mixed with a vehicle that has the power of sifting the white light shed upon them and selecting and destroying certain rays, whilst the particles reflect the remainder. The condition of the petals of flowers, of green leaves, is just the same. A white lily for instance, if it were quite smooth, would have the appearance of thin glass: it is however composed of a vast quantity of minute cells, so that it resembles finely powdered glass, from each little particle of which light is reflected, backwards and forwards, and there being nothing in the lily to cause the reflection of any one ray over another, the light is white. A scarlet geranium is similarly composed, but its particles or cells are infused as it were with a colour matter which absorbs or devours all the green and blue rays from the white light shed upon it, and the unabsorbed scarlet is reflected. All green leaves owe their colour to the same cause, light passing backwards and forwards through an absorbing colour which extinguishes its red rays, and on being reflected back to the eye excites the sensation we name green. The colours of pigments, and of all natural bodies are therefore the unabsorbed rays of light shed upon them, and explain the objective side of colour.

THE SUBJECTIVE SIDE.

As regards the eye, returning to the subjective side of our subject, Helmotz has said "that if any optician had sent him an instrument so full of defects he would be justified in sending it back with the severest censure." In spite of so great an authority, I feel that of all human instruments it is the one with which we would least willingly part. With one portion of it are we now concerned, the retina which consists of ten different layers. One of these divisions, the so-called layer of rods and cones has the power of appreciating the sensations of light and colours. The rods and cones seem each to have their peculiar functions, and though both probably serve as, or respond to elements of light, it is more especially the functions of the rods whilst the perception of colour is due—possibly exclusively—to the cones. These cones seem to consist of three sets of nerves which respond to certain vibrations of light, and produce the sensations of three fundamental or primary colours. One set being stimulated by the strongest vibrations produces the sensation of an orange-red, and another set being acted upon by vibrations of medium length produces a brilliant green, and the third set responding to the short and weaker vibrations produces the sensation of a violet or purple of a bluer hue than is perhaps commonly understood by that term. All vibrations however, may and probably do act on the three sets of nerves simultaneously, but those that produce red, green, and violet, affect most powerfully the particular set of nerves specially designed for their reception. All other colours are due to two or the three sets of nerves being excited in varying degrees either simultaneously or in rapid succession. Upon the three sets of nerves being fully excited in their proper relative proportions, the sensation of white is the consequence.

COLOUR HARMONY.

In perfect colour combinations or schemes it is essential that the different sets of nerves should be excited, so that no one set will be unduly tired or injured. This is what constitutes the real harmony of colour. A scheme which only excites one set of nerves, that is one colour, and thereby creates a desire for another colour, or colours, cannot be considered harmonious or satisfactory. We usually speak of colours harmonising when they match or are similar, but this is not harmony in the strict or more exact sense of the term, which must include the exciting of all the colour appreciating nerves. In a paper that I read before this Society some years ago on Colour Harmony, I was taken to task on this point. How was it, I was asked, that a yellow cornfield with red poppies was so harmonious when those colours excited only two sets of nerves—those responding to yellow and red. I replied that they of themselves were not harmonious, the large amount of blue sky must also be recognised and taken into account, which with the yellow and red of the corn and poppies, present an almost perfect colour harmony, and by which all the sensations are excited.

Owen Jones, in his *Principles of Colour*, states that no composition can ever be perfect in which any one of the primary colours is wanting, either in its natural state or in combination, and that the various colours of a composition should be so blended that the objects coloured, when viewed at a distance should present a neutralized bloom. Objectively, therefore, as well as subjectively an harmonious scheme of colour should include all those colours which are necessary to excite the three colour sensations.

As a matter of fact the impression of one pure colour upon the retina seldom if ever occurs. It is generally in

conjunction with at least a small mingling of those other colours which would tend to neutralize or deaden its intensity. We probably, therefore, never see colours absolutely pure ; were we to do so, they would be so intense as to dazzle the eye by their brilliancy, and be similar to looking direct at the blazing sun.

Though the excitement of the three primary colour sensations is essential to a true colour harmony, yet they should not be affected in a crude and elementary manner by pigments or objects reflecting hard contrasts of colour, which would be equivalent to three loud harmonious notes as compared with music. The beauty and art of colouring is to get these harmonious impressions in the most subtle and least apparent manner possible. We find in nature when it develops a colour scheme does so by tones of little contrast, using strong contrasting colours only to accentuate or emphasize points in a scheme, and then only very sparingly. Crude and hard contrasting colours are a sign of primitive man, indicating a lack of development in colour appreciation. Almost any butterfly or flower will give us a lesson of the way to obtain colour harmony, while the ancient Egyptians, the present savage or the child can scarcely be relied upon for good taste in colour. The appreciation of this beauty of colour harmony is one of the certain indications of refinement and civilisation just as much as the appreciation of harmony in music indicates the same thing in the community, and the individual. There are some authorities who hold the opinion that there can be no such thing as colour discord. Though not agreeing with this opinion, I consider that any inharmonious combination may be made harmonious without altering any of the colours in question, but by adding another colour, or colours, to the scheme so as to satisfy the requirements of the eye.

THE PRIMARY COLOURS.

That the millions of tints which the eye is capable of distinguishing, is due to the excitement of three colour sensations, in varying proportions, seems to me a very wonderful phenomenon. It is specially attractive because of the difference in the names given to the three primary or fundamental colours by the physicist and the painter. The physicist asserts that the primary colours are red, green, and violet, while the painter tells us that they are red, yellow, and blue; both the scientist and the painter however, seem to make the same initial mistake. They use the word colour as a noun or substantive, whereas, as applied to the primary colours it acts as an adjective, describing particular sensations on the one hand, and particular pigments or substances causing those sensations on the other. There is all the difference in the world between a sensation and the object causing it. There is as much difference between a primary colour sensation and a primary colour pigment as there is in sound between the sound we hear and the object causing it, between the music we appreciate and the violin or other musical instrument producing the sensation.

This difference between the subjective and objective sides of colour indicates that the colours of each set of primaries may be, and in fact are fundamentally different. As colour does not exist outside ourselves, the primary sensations red, green, and violet must be unquestionably the real primary colours—using the term colour as a noun—but this fact does not necessarily imply that red, yellow, and blue are not the primary pigments. On the contrary, taking into account, the phenomena of absorption and reflection, it seems to me that the colours of the primary pigments will be the reverse or opposite of the primary sensations.

CONCLUSION.

From my remarks it will be concluded that the subject of colour is deeper and goes further than a mere attraction of the eye or a simple aesthetic gratification. It has a physical and scientific side which bears much the same relation to colour as the laws of sound and acoustics bear to music. It is never stationary for a moment of time, because of the movements both in nature and in the human organ of sight. Colour idealizes and adds a charm to all visible things. Its influence is unlimited, for everything that comes within the range of vision usually excites a colour sensation. In painting it gives to form an interest and an interpretation of nature impossible to obtain without it. It is colour more than anything else that endows a flat surface with the resemblance of reality and nature. It adds a radiance that no mere photographic presentment of a scene can give. It has to do with and affects our health, our temper, our happiness. It indicates and influences our dispositions and characters. As vitiated air injures our health through the lungs, as distracting sounds affect our health through the ear, so bad colouring affects our health through the eye.

Colour, therefore, should be studied and considered not only from the aesthetic and scientific sides, but also from the point of view of reason and sense. This consideration of colour to my mind constitutes its Philosophy.

TWO IDEALS OF WOMEN'S EDUCATION.

By MRS. KHODADAD, M.A.

EVER since I read Woodward's book, *Education during the Renaissance*, I have been fired to trace the truth of the statement that he makes, either explicitly or implicitly, several times in the course of that book. It is this:—"It is of course obvious that the question of girls' education is determined by accepted opinion of the status of women in contemporary society." Whether it is a case that the well-educated woman demands recognition by society, or whether it is that society, having awakened to a clearer conception of woman's capabilities, demands that those capabilities shall be developed, seems to me at the present moment very like the old problem of whether an egg developed into the first hen, or whether there was an original hen which laid the first egg. To deal with the subject in anything like a comprehensive way would be quite outside the scope of an evening's paper. A small part however may be considered. The title I have chosen I will not in any way claim to be original, but frankly confess that I have borrowed it from Prof. Darroch, of Edinburgh University, whom I heard many years ago read a paper with that title; the subject matter is however entirely different from that of his paper.

INTRODUCTION.

From the published syllabus you will see that my two ideals are taken from the fifteenth and the eighteenth centuries respectively. But before dealing with the subject of woman's education, I feel I must devote some little space

to education in general to show that these ideals have not only been chosen because of the great contrast, but also because, at each period, our educators had to deal with precisely the same problem, but the methods of solution—how different they were!

During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the education of the people was in the hands of the Schoolmen. Perhaps it is presumptuous on my part to say anything about them after the very able paper which Mr. Wesley read before this society a few years ago. Yet I think Mr. Wesley himself would say that he had considered the Schoolmen from a philosophical, rather than from an educational point of view. At the beginning of the fifteenth century "education was a discipline; whether it was a religious discipline as in the monasteries, or a social discipline as in the Court schools, or an intellectual discipline as it became under scholasticism, it was a strict discipline." Scholasticism tried "to bring reason to the support of faith, and scholastic training aimed at developing the power of formulating beliefs into logical systems and of presenting and defending such logical statements of beliefs without at the same time developing a frame of mind that would be critical of the fundamental principles already established by authority." The honest doubter, who is so much respected now-a-days, in whatever sphere he may exhibit his disbelief (even if it be the realm of faith), would have been scorned by our worthy Schoolmen. In all their disputation, the truths that they reached possessed only formal value; they only affected the thought life and indirectly the moral life and conduct of the people, and then only of the few. "As the Church expressed the absolute authority of the religious life, the scholastic theology the same absolutism in religious beliefs; as the Holy Roman Empire expressed the same idea politically, the feudal

system socially, the guild system economically; so the universities (which were springing up over Italy and France at this period) on the institutional side and scholasticism on the intellectual side expressed in education the same absolutism." In this view of education there were to be found no worthy aims in life that were not directly connected with the preparation for a life to come. Man was essentially evil, and the whole of his life must be a constant trial to get rid of the evil; any individual initiative would only have been a pandering to self indulgence, and as such was to be absolutely repressed. Thus at the period education, such as it was, was formal, rigid, stereotyped. Human nature is such that it cannot for very long be driven along a narrow path, without wishing to turn aside, the pendulum will not remain for long at its highest point, at the first opportunity it will swing and it generally reaches the highest point on the other side before it settles at equilibrium for a period. Again and again we find individual men, and groups of men, revolting against the reign of tyranny, but it is not until the Renaissance that such revolts attained any permanent results. Then the unity of mediæval thought broke up into the multiple interests and activities so characteristic of modern times. Education ceased to find its aim in such an adjustment of the individual into the perfected scheme of thought and action that he lost his individuality. In place of the systematized whole there developed that extreme individualism which is so characteristic of the Early Renaissance.

Personally I never date the Renaissance from the fall of Constantinople. Long before that Chrysoloras had taught Greek in Italy. In the *Quattro cento* the best minds of Italy saw how very inferior their country was at that time, and the glories of the Augustan age loomed large on

the mental horizon. How was it possible to bring back such a glory to the nation? Patriotism impelled every Italian to strive to regain, by reading and studying, the former glories of his race. He did not try to remove formalism or to interfere with religious beliefs, yet the whole movement tended to become secular as well as individual. Through self-culture individual opinion was to find freedom, individual appreciation to find expression and individual judgment to find scope.

As the movement spreads north of the Alps a different aspect of the subject meets the student. The movement is no longer patriotic but a foreign element grafted on to the original stock. The feudal idea is still prominent in Germany, France and England, and, I think I may also say, the Teutonic race is more austere and more intensely pious than the Italians. There the movement soon merged into the Reformation. The outcome of this was a restriction of the educational ideal in scope; and individuality, whether in judgment or in personal development, was limited to religion rather than to intellectuality. School curricula again became formal and inelastic, and in the schools there was scarcely any period between the dominance of the old scholastic formalism and that of the new literary formalism.

One of the outstanding names in connection with this stultifying movement, though the educators who followed him would have acclaimed him the establisher of true culture in Northern Europe, was that of John Sturm. In 1537 A.D. he founded his famous gymnasium in Strasburg. This school was to have a most marvellous effect on all the schools of the succeeding generations, and even now we find the echo of Sturm's doctrine. How often I have to combat the assertion that a knowledge of the classics is the true essence of culture. To Sturm (a German) nothing

mattered but Latin and Greek. To him there was no value in the vernacular. I wonder how a German of to-day views this great school-master! Even the youngest child on entering the school had to learn to speak Latin, and later the use of spoken Greek was enjoined. Such was the success of his school, that, like our politicians of modern times, the then schoolmasters liked a system "made in Germany" better than that advocated by their own men. Had we followed the advice of Ascham and Mulcaster, I doubt whether we should have found ourselves in such a parlous state as that of the Eighteenth Century.

When Locke wrote his *Thoughts on Education* in 1692, the religious and classical education was as formal as in the 14th century. Education was just as much a discipline, and all the arguments which had been used in support of scholasticism were now used in support of the narrow classical education of the schools. It had behind it not only the tradition of two centuries but also the most tenacious professional loyalty and conservatism. The supporters affirmed that it was not the thing learned that was important but the process of learning. "On the side too of religion, this formal education had the support of the Church, since it looked on the process of learning as a means of eradicating the essentially bad in human nature. The religious formalism was the direct outcome of Pietism in Germany, Puritanism in England, and Jansenism in France. "Ceremonial display and outward magnificence merely veiled moral meanness and inward depravity: punctilious attention to the rites of the Church and a blind or feigned orthodoxy only favoured the spread of hypocrisy and of a secret and cynical scepticism." Such is the summary drawn by Flint. There prevailed an absolutism in politics, in religion, and in thought, which absolutism could only continue so long as great ability was

found in the rulers and so long as no one arose to lead the masses in revolt. The first revolt to mature was that of the intellect against repression; the second was that of the masses for the rights of the common man. The latter part of the eighteenth century marks the complete break from the old system of thought and of social order, and the beginning of the new systems of thought and instruction which we call modern.

Throughout the ages from the fourteenth century, the main task before the educators has been an effort to throw off the yoke of formalism and to restore men to freedom, that is, to convince him that he is an end to and through himself. The first great effort to throw off this yoke was known as the Germanic Reformation and the Italian Renaissance; the former claimed freedom for the individual intelligence, the latter freedom for the individual feelings and emotions. Neither of them thought of aspiring to freedom of the moral will. What the absence of this meant we can perhaps most clearly see when we realize that the complete logical outcome of the Reformation was Voltaire, that of the Renaissance Rousseau.

Before passing to my next point may I briefly sum up what I have tried to place before you in this introduction. The Renaissance was a revolt against the narrow, formal education of the Middle Ages, towards individualism, but religious dominance was too strong and social life created an intellectual aristocracy, so that the new Humanistic ideas themselves developed into as formal, as narrow, as corporate a system as the old scholasticism. In the eighteenth century we have another revolt towards individualism.

THE 15TH CENTURY IDEAL.

At this point, I propose to leave the consideration of

education in general, and to come to the consideration of the education of girls. At the two periods under consideration we have exactly the same problems to deal with, and it is interesting to see how different was the solution in the case of girls. At each period I propose to analyze a work dealing with the education of girls and then, as far as I can, to show that the work was representative of existing tendencies.

Belonging to the first period, there are two extant works; one by Vegio, written about 1460 A.D., a work which is not so far as I know translated into English and so is outside my reach; the other by Leonardo Bruni D'Arezzo, "This is probably the earliest humanist tract upon education expressly written for and dedicated to a lady."

Leonardo Bruni, 1369-1444, was from his childhood a keen student of the classics and was besides a notable man of affairs, being Papal Secretary under four Popes, 1405-15. In the latter year he retired to Florence, and in 1427 became its Chancellor, and died there in 1444. During this last period he wrote his most famous book, *The History of Florence*. This and his commentaries and letters are still full of interest to those who wish for a detailed history of his times. At the present time perhaps the only book by which he is known is his *Vita* of Dante. This was translated into English by P. H. Wicksteed, and published in 1898. Before passing to his Tractate, I must mention that from him we learn how bitter was the resentment in Florence against the New Learning. Bruni's version of the Homily of St. Basil was a direct Protest against the attack by *Giovanni*, Vicar of the Convent of Sta. Maria Novella, published between the years 1400-5.

To-night our interest centres mainly on his Tract, "De Studiis et Literis." As usual, at that time this took the form of a letter, addressed to *Baptista*, the younger

daughter of Antonio, Count of Urbino. She was married at the age of 20 (June 14th, 1405) to Galeazzo Maletesta, heir to the Lordship of Pesaro. The marriage proving unhappy, Baptista returned to Urbino in 1431, and she died in 1450. It is to be noted that she received considerable sympathy in Pesaro from her father-in-law who helped her in her literary aspirations, and so expert must she have become, that she was able, when the Emperor Sigismond passed through Urbino in 1433, to greet him with a Latin oration. Even at that time its value was great, and it was considered worthy of being printed fifty years later. There is no date to Bruni's Tract, but we may fairly assume, from the tenor of the opening words, that it was written not later than the year of Baptista's marriage, 1405.

Bruni opens his letter by reminding Baptista of the brilliant achievements of women of antiquity, and cites Cornelia, the daughter of Scipio, Sappho, the poetess, and "Aspasia, whose learning and eloquence made her not unworthy of the intimacy of Socrates." He expresses a wish that Baptista may attain a fame greater than theirs, and this hope he thinks is quite likely to be fulfilled, for there are at the time of writing so few women of culture, and in fact "True Learning" has almost died away. By "True Learning" Bruni means "not a mere acquaintance with that vulgar thread-bare jargon which satisfies those who devote themselves to theology, but the knowledge of realities—facts and principles—united with a perfect familiarity with Letters and the art of Expression." In writing to a woman of Baptista's learning it is not necessary to lay stress on the fact that the foundations of all true learning must be laid in a knowledge of Latin. Without a solid basis it is useless to rear a lasting edifice; without it the great monuments of literature are unintelligible, and the

art of composition impossible. "To attain this essential knowledge" he says, "we must never relax our careful study of the grammar of the language," and be most careful in the choice of authors lest a debased style infect our writing and degrade our taste. Our reading reacts directly on our style.

Bruni then proceeds to tell Baptista what authors are of most value for their subject matter and style. Many of them I think are mere names at the present day, and I am not sure whether our modern Latin Professors would choose the same. First and foremost he places the Latin Fathers, Lactantius, the finest stylist of the post-classical period, Augustine, Jerome, Ambrose and Cyprian. Others that may be read with care are Gregory of Nazianzen, Chrysostom and Basil. Among the classical authors he commends to her notice, Cicero, Vergil, Livy and Sallust. He advocates reading aloud as a great help for "you will most quickly seize the drift of the passage, and the music and the rhythm of the prose thus interpreted by the voice will react with advantage upon your own composition, and at the same time will improve your own reading by compelling deliberate and intelligent expression." Bruni carefully advises his correspondent of the need of care in clear legible writing (it is a mark of learning now-a-days to have a bad hand-writing!), and the necessity of great minuteness in the formation of letters and diphthongs. Such advice I do not think need be pursued further as it would not appeal to present day scholars.

Bruni now turns "to the Subject Matter—the facts and principles—as distinct from literary form." But here again "it is necessary to exercise discrimination." In some subjects he would prefer to restrain the ardour of the learner, in others he wishes to encourage it. Thus

"subtilties of Arithmetic and Geometry are not worthy to absorb a cultivated mind, and the same remark must be made about Astrology," and in dealing with a woman's education "the great and complex art of Rhetoric must be placed in the same category;" for to her, "neither the intricacies of debate nor the oratorical artifices of action and delivery are of the least practical use, if indeed they are not positively unbecoming. Rhetoric in all its forms—public discussion, forensic argument, logical fence and the like—lies absolutely outside the province of woman."

What then is properly open to her? Firstly, as a subject peculiarly her own, she has the whole field of religion and morals. "The cultivated Christian lady need not confine herself to ecclesiastical writers, but she should be acquainted with all classical writers who have dealt with continence, temperance, modesty, justice, courage, greatness of soul; all of which demand her sincere respect." But "we must not forget that true distinction is to be gained by a wide and varied range of such studies as conduce to the profitable enjoyment of life, but we must observe due proportion in the attention and time we devote to them." Among these studies first and foremost Bruni places *History*. "It is our duty," he says, "to understand the origins of our own history and its development and the achievements of peoples and kingdoms. Writers like Livy, Sallust and Curtis, and Julius Caesar are within the comprehension of a studious lady, for after all History is an easy subject; there is nothing in its study subtle or complex. It consists in the narration of the simplest matters of fact which, once grasped, are easily retained in the memory."

The great orators of antiquity must by all means be included because nowhere do we find the virtues so highly extolled. They too teach us how to employ the emotions,

such as indignation or pity—in driving home their application in individual cases. Further from orators we derive our store of striking expressions and wealth of vocabulary, that easy-flowing style which is invaluable to us both in writing and conversation.

Following the orators Bruni takes up the subject of poetry and the Poets, with which he considers every lady should show herself familiar. More than half the letter is spent in elaborating his arguments for this study. Philosophers, Orators, Historians, the Great Fathers of the Church—all reveal their acquaintance with the poets. By poetry many important truths of daily life are illustrated. "For example, how vividly is the art of war portrayed by Homer: the duties of a leader of men: the chances of the field: the varying temper of the host! Wise counsel too is not wanting as when Hector upbraids Aeneas for too rashly urging the pursuit. Would indeed that in our own day our captains would deign to profit by this ancient wisdom to the security of the Commonwealth and the saving of valuable lives!" Bruni is quite aware that those who are not interested in Letters consider poetry unworthy of study. Then too there are those who argue that "Like Cato we are willing to sacrifice the beauties so we be not soiled by the blots; hence we would neither read the poets ourselves nor put them in the hands of others." He admits there are two types of poets, the aristocratic and the vulgar—the latter should be omitted entirely by a woman—and among these he placed the comic dramatist and the satirist!

To sum up. "The main features of study best adapted to a woman seem to be these: Religion, as a subject of study, no less than as a personal quality demands the first place; morals as recognized by the best intelligence of the ancient world, as well as by the Church,

stand in close relation to Faith: Philosophy, the art of clever conversation and discussion, History as a body of illustration of moral precepts, all these follow closely. Literature in a broad sense, covering the range of Latin antiquity and the greater Fathers must be studied both for matter and form. The importance of this last is hardly to be exaggerated, for taste and fluency of expression are among the finer marks of distinction accepted by educated opinion."

Such then is the ideal of woman's education as portrayed to us by Leonardo Bruni. There is every evidence that, though so early in the Renaissance, it was the generally accepted ideal of the period. Many brilliant women will occur to one who thinks for a minute or two. We read that that great schoolmaster, Vittorino da Feltre treated Cecilia and Barbara Gonzaga in exactly the same way as the boys in his school. Though there is no mention, by name, of any other girls, it is fairly clear that girls must have been admitted by him from the fairly numerous references to this fact by later writers, and also from the influence which he exercised among the women of Northern Italy. One only, Alberti, of the prominent renaissance educators speaks against the equality of education for girls. This makes it all the more noticeable. The Records of the Courts of Urbino, Mantua and Ferrara are full of the records of the women. Among individual women Vittoria Colonna stands out prominently. Her fair fame has never been besmirched, as also it has never been challenged. Her name can never be separated from that of Michael Angelo, whom she comforted in his old age, and, by her womanly intuition, controlled.

Renée of Ferrara discussed problems impartially with Ignatius Loyola and with Calvin. The poetess, Veronica Gambara, is noted alike for her classical and philosophical

studies and for her ugliness. The earliest feminine autobiography in verse dates from this period, that of Gaspara Stampa.

The best known characters are however Lucretia Borgia, the tool of her brother Caesar Borgia, Elizabetta d'Urbino and the sisters Beatrice and Isabella d'Este. For over forty years Isabella played a prominent part in the history of her times and made the little Court of Mantua famous in the eyes of the civilized world. Her wisdom and sagacity in political affairs commanded universal respect. Again and again during the absence of her husband and son, she was called upon to rule her state and great was her delight at the receipt of letters of appreciation from her husband. But it is as a patron of art and letters that she will be remembered. There is hardly a great character whose name does not occur as a signatory to some of her correspondence. But over and above all we read that while the study of the classics was her consolation in her solitude, what she valued most was the love of her husband, and her sister-in-law Elizabeth of Urbino. The womanly touches in her letters relating trivialities about her children, the making of embroideries and perfumes show her in another light. One of the letters which she received from the representative at Florence, speaking of the arrival of Tullia d'Aragona, says: "I have to record the arrival among us of a gentle lady, so modest in behaviour, so fascinating in manners that we cannot help considering her something divine. She sings impromptu all kinds of motets and airs; she keeps herself in touch with the events of the day, and we cannot suggest a subject with which she does not appear conversant."

Very early the spread of classical learning among women made itself felt north of the Alps, and we read in *Les Femmes de Brantomes*, Bouchet, 1545, "From a mule

that brays and a woman who speaks Latin—good Lord deliver us.” Erasmus in his *Christian Marriage* banters young ladies who learn only to make a bow, to hold their hands crossed, to bite their lips when they laugh, to eat and drink as little as possible at table, after having taken ample portions in private.

Among women whose names have survived as being educated we must not forget those of our own nation. The Princesses, Mary and Elizabeth, were both highly educated, and the Venetian Ambassador writing of the latter just before she ascended the throne says: “In her knowledge of the Greek and Italian languages she surpasses the Queen,” and we know that Lady Jane Grey read Plato at the age of 13. In humbler circles, the home of Sir Thomas More is still noted for all that is noble and elevating, and his daughters had the best education of the time.

Women, apparently excelled in the art of conversation and took part with the men in all discussions. Erasmus tells us that with the tongue seven men were not the match for one woman.

But before turning to my second ideal I should like to add that the more purely feminine side was not despised. Bouchet, whom I quoted before, adds a little touch, “Withall they know how to cook,” and Ludovico writing of his wife Beatrice to her sister Isabella d’Este says “my wife is sewing with as much vigour and energy as any old woman,” and Beatrice herself writes “I cannot tell you how well Ercole is looking and how big and plump he has grown lately. Each time I see him after a few days’ absence I am delighted to see how much he has grown, and I often wish that you could be here to see him as I am quite sure you would never be able to stop petting and kissing him.” In reading one constantly meets such sidelights which all go to prove that those women who attained

to Bruni's ideal of classical learning were good wives and mothers, domestic and virtuous, women of strong judgment and not seldom of marked capacity in affairs

THE 18TH CENTURY IDEAL.

Unfortunately, as we have shown in the introduction, this high ideal proved only too transitory and the education of girls, like that of boys, declined, but whereas the education of boys became formal and stereotyped, that of girls entirely disappeared till at the time of the next revolt towards individualism we have the ideal portayed by Rousseau in the Fifth book of the *Emile*.

In the method of teaching *Emile*, Rousseau has kept him entirely apart from his fellows of either sex, but he reaches an age when even Rousseau feels that the companionship of another is necessary to his happiness. The indispensable Tutor shows *Emile* the necessity of finding a wife, and indeed it has always been part of his compact to do so, "If you trust your son to me, you must permit me to marry him according to his own, that is, according to my choice."

Accordingly we find Sophie grown up when she is introduced to the reader. But Rousseau does not leave us without his opinion of the education, or perhaps I might say the non-education of girls. "Sophie," says Giéard, "has but virtues of the second order, virtues of conjugal education." It has been said that the choice of a wife either makes or mars a man, but, according to Rousseau, marriage is for a woman her true advent into life. According to the expressive formula of Michelet, who has given a marvellous summary of the doctrine, "The husband creates the wife." Sophie has had no education—she has read nothing except a *Télémaque* which has chanced to fall into her hands. She has been definitely admonished that

"were men sensible every lettered girl would remain a girl." Émile alone is to educate her and mould her to his ideals. While man must be strong and active woman must be passive and weak. In everything "she must please man," and if this is to be her end "she must make herself agreeable to him instead of provoking him; her violence lies in her charms." "The minds of women correspond to their constitution. Far from being ashamed of their weakness, they glory in it. Their tender muscles are without resistance, they pretend not to be able to lift the lightest burdens; they would be ashamed to be too strong. Why? It is certainly not for the sake of seeming delicate; it is for a far shrewder precaution: they are preparing, a long way beforehand, excuses for being weak and the right to be so on occasion."

Again another of her charms is to be turned to account, "woman is a coquette by profession; but her coquetry changes form and object according to her views. Let us regulate these views by those of nature, and woman will have the education which befits her." Like so many of those who have written of education, Rousseau lays great stress on physical and, as he thinks, mental differences between the sexes, and on these he bases most of his arguments for a different education. While man is to be taught to be strong and defiant of public opinion,—woman must learn to be agreeable, and sensitive to such opinion. "Opinion is virtue's tomb among men, and its throne among women." There are, however, many points on which a girl's education must necessarily resemble that of a boy. True to his doctrine of nature education, a girl must have plenty of exercise and frolic. "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" was as needful to a girl as to a boy. Though she must strive after grace of movement, "delicacy of

movement is not languor, one need not be unhealthy in order to please."

"Instead of learning to read and write as girls generally do, she will play with dolls, sew, embroider, make lace, and paint flowers and fruit and such things." "A little Arithmetic will not be out of place. Girls must be wide-awake and laborious; more than that they must be early subject to repression. This misfortune, if it is one for them, is inseparable from their sex; and they can free themselves from it only by exposing themselves to suffer others more cruel. All their lives they will be subjected to the most continuous and severe repression, that of propriety. From the first they must be exercised in constraint so that it may never cost them anything; and taught to overcome all their fancies, in order to subject them to the will of others." Of course the only school according to Rousseau is the home and the only teacher is the mother. But what would our modern girls say if they were to be brought up so that "never for one instant in their lives should they be allowed not to feel the bridle!" and what parent now-a-days could carry this out! "Accustom them to be interrupted in the midst of their games and to be carried off to other occupations without a murmur." "From this habitual constraint there results a docility, which women have need of all their lives, since they never cease to be subjected either to a man or to the judgments of men, without their ever being allowed to set themselves above these judgments. The first and most important attribute of woman is sweetness. Being made to obey an imperfect being like man, often so full of vices, and always so full of faults, she must early learn to submit even to injustice, and to bear the misdeeds of a husband without complaining." "She must never scold." Her weapon of

defence is cleverness or address. "If she were not artful she would be man's slave."

A girl is to cultivate taste, she is to set fashion at defiance and consider only what is becoming to her and what makes her pleasing. She is not to be like a mediaeval saint knowing only "*ora et labora*," nor is she to live "like a grandmother." She must be lively, merry, hearty. She is to sing and dance to her heart's content. But her singing is not to be of the professional sort, but simple and natural. If during her youth she has freely attended banquets, amusements, balls, the theatre, it is not so much to be initiated into the vain pleasures of the world, under the tutelage of a vigilant mother, as to belong, once married, more fully to her home and to her husband.

She is to study the art of conversation. "While a man speaks what he knows, a woman speaks what pleases. In order to talk, the one requires knowledge, the other taste; the object of the one should be useful things, that of the other agreeable things." "Girls must make it a rule never to say anything except what is agreeable to those with whom they talk." At the same time they must never lie. This leads to the question of Religious education.

I do not know how it is, and especially now-a-days when we hear so much of secular education, that like nearly all our pedagogues, Rousseau voices the opinion that "Religion should be taught earlier to girls than to boys,"—the religion of their parents. "Every girl should follow the belief of her mother and every wife that of her husband. If this religion be false, the docility, which makes the mother and daughter submit to the order of nature, wipes out in God's sight the sin of error. Being incapable of judging for themselves, they ought to accept the decision of their fathers and husbands as that of the Church." Rousseau then proceeds to give in detail what need not be

taught to girls and what they should learn with regard to religion. There is no disguising the fact, that it is purely ethics and morals which they are to imbibe. "Do not make your daughters theologians or reasoners."

But though, according to Rousseau, women are destitute of reason such as would enable them to discuss questions of theology and ethics, they do possess that which even transcends reason, namely intuition. To follow this is truly the spirit of Rousseau, for with him happiness and self interest were supreme.

The product of such an education we find in Sophie. She is described as good-natured, sensitive, imaginative, attractive but not pretty: she has a sweet expression, a fine complexion, a white hand, a tiny foot, a touching physiognomy. She is fond of adornment and dresses well. Her attire is modest in appearance and coquettish in fact. . . . "She has natural talents. She sings sweetly and tastefully; she walks lightly and gracefully; she makes pretty curtsies. She is well versed in all feminine occupations—she cuts and makes her own clothes, and manufactures lace, because there is no other occupation that imparts a more agreeable attitude, or in which the fingers are plied with more grace and lightness!" She can keep house, but, though she is fond of good things to eat, "she does not love cooking; its details have some disgust for her. She would sooner let the whole dinner go into the fire than soil her cuffs." Sophie is altogether a rather colourless young woman, her life is devoted to serving God by doing good. She loves virtue because there is nothing so beautiful as virtue. A true touch of man! "she longs to make one upright man happy." She hates officious gallantry, and though rather small of stature she does not wear high heels. She receives the flirtatious compliments

of young men "with an ironical applause which disconcerts."

As Sophie has been educated entirely with a view to her future life as the wife of Émile, it may not be unfitting to close with three points on which Rousseau lays stress in the choice of a wife. (1) He holds that while mutual love should be the determining motive of marriage, similarity of tastes and culture should not be disregarded; (2) that great beauty should be avoided rather than sought by a man in wooing; and (3) that a woman with anything like a literary or scientific education should be avoided like pestilence. "A woman of culture is the plague of her husband, her children, her friends, her servants, everybody."

After the engagement, we find that Sophie's more formal education begins with Émile for tutor. He sings, plays, races and dances with her, mends her piano, teaches her philosophy (which with a strange contradiction Rousseau discovers that his ideal woman is capable of understanding, though he is careful to tell us that woman "must not do more than gaze at the sciences of reasoning"), physics, arithmetic, history, in fact everything that he knows. Émile is too proud for any teaching to be reciprocal.

Here I think I have given a fairly long account of the second ideal of woman's education. Everyone admits that Rousseau's importance, both in literature, history, and education, is due to the fact that he summed up in his character, expressed in his writings and exemplified in his experience, a group of tendencies which had for some time been half blindly stirring in the bosom of society. He was the darling of the Revolution. So much so that "the National Convention, which met at Paris, laid the basis of the new social order by a splendid scheme of national

education drawn up on Rousseau's ideas." Several of the foremost leaders have also left us their ideas of woman's education. Tallyrand in his proposal did not wholly forget woman, and what he said of them is just and sensible. He discusses the question of their political rights and concludes that the happiness of women, their own interests, their nature and proper destination ought to forbid them from entering into the political arena. What is particularly fit for them is a domestic education which, received in the family, fits them to remain in the home.

Mirabeau said "Her function is to perpetuate the species, to watch with solicitude over the perilous period of youth, and to enchain to her feet all the energies of her husband by the irresistible charm of her weakness." Yet even Tallyrand felt a necessity for establishing schools destined to take the place of the convents, and this accounts for the otherwise extraordinary sentence in his proposal.

"Girls shall not be admitted into the primary schools after the age of eight. After that age the National Assembly advises parents to entrust the education of their daughters only to themselves, and reminds them that this is their first duty." One man alone, at this period, Condorcet, desires the education of the sexes to be common and equal. His reasons why women should be educated are: (1) "that they may bring up their children of whom they are the natural instructors; (2) that they may be worthy companions, the equals of their husbands, that they may feel an interest in their pursuits, share in their pre-occupations, and finally participate in their life, such being the condition of conjugal happiness; (3) that they may not quench, by their ignorance, that inspiration of heart and mind, which previous studies have developed in their husbands, but that they may nourish the flame by conversation and reading in common; (4) finally—because this

is just—because the two sexes have an equal right to instruction."

Though we have many remarkable women in France in the eighteenth century, it is a fact to be noticed, that in England, from the time of the Duchess of Marlborough at the beginning of the eighteenth century, we have hardly any remarkable women till Fanny Burney appears at the close. From contemporary writings we have many reflexes of the prevailing ideal of women's education. Whether it is entirely due to the men or largely to the women, I fail to find a conversation in *Evelina* which rises above the merest small talk, and I fear Miss Burney's women only corroborate what Erasmus said so well two centuries before: that that type of education "produces the worst faults that mark feminine nature—capriciousness, vanity, shallowness, love of intrigue."

One of the most ardent admirers of Rousseau was Maria Edgeworth, and in her *Talks to Literary Ladies*, published in 1795, she tried to bring his educational views before the British public, but she was much in advance of her time. And it is in Jane Austen perhaps more than anywhere else that we obtain a true portrait of the middle-class Englishwoman of her time.

She received an education better than that of most women, and yet we find Miss Bingley saying that "no one can be really esteemed accomplished who does not greatly surpass what is usually met with. A woman must have a thorough knowledge of music, singing, drawing, dancing and the modern languages, to deserve the word; and, besides all this, she must possess a certain something in her air and manner of walking, the tone of her voice, her address and expressions, or the word will be but half deserved."

How one is reminded of Sophie when Mr. Collins, having praised the dinner and "begged to know to which of his fair cousins the excellence of its cooking was owing," he was assured by Mrs. Bennett "that her daughters had nothing to do in the kitchen."

It is interesting to note that there is not a trace of any classical or scientific knowledge in any of Miss Austen's works, and her own words on the subject, I think, corroborate the idea that such study did not form part of her education. When it was suggested to her that "she should write a novel depicting the habits of life, and character and enthusiasm of a clergyman who should pass his time between the metropolis and the country," she refused, saying "the comic part of the character I might do, but not the good, the enthusiastic, the literary. Such a man's conversation must at times be on subjects of science and philosophy, of which I know nothing; or at least be occasionally abundant in quotations and allusions which a woman who, like me, knows only her own mother's tongue, and has read little in that, would be totally without the powers of giving."

At a somewhat later date, and so not permissible in this paper, we have that exact and minute description of the education at Casterton given by Charlotte Brontë in *Jane Eyre*. But though I do not dwell on that, I cannot forbear from reading you the description of Miss Matty's education from *Cranford* (published in 1853). My excuse for doing so is that we are expressly told that such was the education "fifty years ago," and therefore it is that of the period which we are considering.

"Teaching was, of course, the first thing that suggested itself. If Miss Matty could teach children anything, it would throw her among the little elves in whom her soul delighted. I ran over her accomplishments. Once upon

a time I had heard her say she could play "Ah ! vous dirai-je, maman?" on the piano, but that was long, long ago; that faint shadow of musical acquirement had died out years before. She had also once been able to trace out patterns very nicely for muslin embroidery, by dint of placing a piece of silver paper over the design to be copied, and holding both against the window-pane while she marked the scollop and eyelet holes. But that was her nearest approach to the accomplishment of drawing, and I did not think it would go very far. Then, again, as to the branches of a solid English education—fancy work and the use of the globes—such as the mistress of the Ladies' Seminary to which all the trades-people in Cranford sent their daughters, professed to teach. Miss Matty's eyes were failing her, and I doubted if she could discover the number of threads in a worsted-work pattern or rightly appreciate the different shades required for Queen Adelaide's face in the loyal wool-work now fashionable in Cranford. As for the use of the globes, I had never been able to find it out myself, so perhaps I was not a good judge of Miss Matty's capability of instructing in this branch of education; but it struck me that equators and tropics and such mystical circles were very imaginary lines indeed to her, and that she looked upon the signs of the Zodiac as so many remnants of the Black Art.

"I had to come down to reading, writing and arithmetic; and in reading the chapter every morning, she always coughed before coming to long words. I doubted her power of getting through a genealogical chapter, with any number of coughs. Writing she did well and delicately--but spelling! She seemed to think that the more out-of-the-way this was, and the more trouble it cost her, the greater compliment she paid to her correspondent; and

words that she would spell quite correctly in her letters to me became perfect enigmas when she wrote to my father.

"No! there was nothing she could teach to the rising generation of Cranford."

All these illustrations have purposely been taken from women writers, because I think you will agree that they at least would try to show their own sex in the best light, but in conclusion, I will, if I may, read you one description of a woman's education which proceeds from the pen of a man, *viz.*, Sheridan in "The Rivals."

"Observe me, Sir Antony. I would by no means desire a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments.—But, Sir Antony, I would send her at nine years old, to a boarding school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, Sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but above all, Sir Antony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell, and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Antony, is what I would have a woman know;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it."

CONCLUSION.

I cannot leave the subject without, in true Herbartian

style, giving my final point "the application." The state of education of girls which we find at the beginning of the nineteenth century continued till the early seventies, when women like Miss Buss, Miss Beale, Miss Clough and Miss Gurney again raised the standard and, as a result we have the great schools like the North London Collegiate, Cheltenham, the High Schools and the Colleges. The immediate result of this was the "blue-stockings" and the "hockey girl." Such indeed was the extreme to which they went that I fear there was some justification for the riddle which was extremely popular among the undergraduates when I was in Cambridge. "What is the difference between David's last wife and a woman student in Cambridge? One is Abishag the Shunamite and the other is Shabbagh the Newnhamite."

Fortunately this phase has passed and now-a-days at all High Schools, we find attached a Domestic Science School. I have failed to see any necessity for women to be classed either as "blue-stockings," or as "rice-pudding women." I think that the record of the women of the Renaissance proves that while woman may receive the most advanced education it is possible to give her, she can at the same time devote a sufficient part of her time to the more purely feminine pursuits. Such women are rarely to be found among the ranks of the Suffragettes. Unfortunately the militants have brought, and justly, a great deal of bad odour upon our sex, but I think you will find that the most violent are generally not the most highly educated.

I would in conclusion express a hope that long may the present compromise continue. That nation which was the first to see that such an education was the best for the sex—I mean an advanced education coupled with a knowledge of all domestic subjects—is the nation that has

produced a Madame Curie and a Rosa Bonheur, two women of whom I think any nation may be proud.

In preparing the above paper I consulted a very large number of books. But I specially acknowledge my indebtedness to Woodward's excellent and almost unique *Education during the Renaissance*; Munroe's *History of Education*, and Davidson's *Rousseau*. From each of these I have freely quoted.

STANDARDS IN TASTE AND MORALS.

By ERNEST T. CAMPAGNAC, M.A.

LET us take in order the words which make up the title—Standard—Taste—Morals—and set down upon each some statements which have won or may win general agreement, and then arrange the several conclusions to which these statements seem to point, and lastly compare the conclusions one with another.

“A standard,” according to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, is a “fixed weight, measure, value or quality established by law or customarily recognised as a unit of comparison by which the correctness of others can be determined The use of the term for a recognised unit of comparison is due probably to the fact that it is something fixed or set up, stable; and not to any fanciful reference to the ensign or flag as the object to which one turns as a rallying point.”

A standard, evidently, must be easily recognised and without dispute or hesitation accepted if it is to deserve its name. But to say so much as this is at once to raise several interesting and difficult questions. By whom, we may ask, is the standard to be recognised? and for what purpose is it to be used? Let us recall for a moment the alternative words given by the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* for standard—not less than four are given, and more might quite easily have been given. Weight is subject to standard, but a standard by weight is of no use to a man who desires to reckon distance or size; measure, a somewhat ambiguous word, generally indicates spatial dimension, but a measure of this sort is

of no use to a man whose concern is with weight; value, once more an ambiguous word, we may take as indicating the preciousness, or as we more commonly put it, the price of things; but the preciousness of gold as compared with that of silver or of copper, cannot be judged either by weight or by measured size. Quality, a more general word still, is used most frequently when we give our regard to the constituent elements of things which may perhaps be weighed, measured and priced, but which we choose to consider in another light—so we speak of the quality of some fabric, the quality of a wine, or the quality of an action, or of *quality* simply, and without as yet determining how it is to be exhibited, in what material or in what action, without indeed surmising whether it is to be exhibited at all,—so richness may be ascribed to a fabric but also to a voice, mellowness to a wine or to a stained glass window or to old age, and we may speak of mercy, truth and justice without ascribing them to any person or looking for their embodiment in any act.

A standard used for one purpose will not serve another purpose; there are different standards in different fields of human conduct and interest.

But let us turn to the other question—by whom is it to be recognised? It is well recognised by persons whose occupation is wholly or mainly in one or other of these several fields, and less easily by others, and not at all by persons who have no concern whatever in these regions. "Weight" and "measure," recognised most readily by persons who constantly have occasion to measure and to weigh, are recognised, of course, though less easily, by other persons; but those weights and measures are recognised which a man uses in dealing with things with which he is familiar—a carpenter for instance recognises a foot and a footrule, but he might well be at a loss if he heard the

word 'hand' used as a measure, though a man who trafficked in horses would be in no difficulty at all: and a coal merchant might confess himself unfamiliar with the names of weights endeared by familiarity to a chemist. About "values" there is less agreement. The value, for instance, of a house is differently estimated by several men who contemplate purchasing it, and if all of them should agree in differing from the man who desires to sell it, we should be confronted with no unusual, though a distressing, phenomenon. This is the more remarkable, because *value* has a wider range of meaning than *weight* or even than *measure*. Where, it would appear, men ought most easily to be agreed they are most sharply divided. We may, for a moment longer, pursue this line of investigation, and look again at the word *quality*. The quality of a sound, the quality of a colour are very variously apprehended and diversely expressed by critics who need not count lack of confidence among their shortcomings; and there may of course be critics of a finer temper who are less sure of themselves, who apprehend sometimes in one fashion sometimes in another, vividly now, less vividly at another moment, or if not less vividly yet with varying perception, and whose words for what they perceive vary too. Justice is a quality, and mercy a quality; but if we are to temper justice with mercy, what is the result? Is it something less than justice, other than mercy; whatever our conclusion may be we cannot state it in the form of an addition sum—so much justice plus so much mercy; and however we state it, our words will not avail perfectly to assure our neighbours that our thoughts are their thoughts.

We appear, then, to be forced to this position: we must allow that the same standards are not applicable in different departments of life and speculation; and that within the same departments the meaning of standards

varies in the use of persons who are speaking about the same subject, and who are making a serious effort to be exact and to reach agreement.

Moreover we expressly and deliberately vary the meaning of our words, even when we use them in connexion with the same standards and in the same general field, but about different objects in it. The word *tall* for instance conveys the notion of height, measured, let us say, in feet and inches; but we do not convey the same notion when we speak of a tall man as when we speak of a tall tree or of a tall hat; and we intend something different once more when we characterise a story as tall. We may with equal security but with different intention, speak of a mountain and the price of coal as being high, and we may call ourselves and our neighbours to admire the height of devotion or of folly which a man may reach.

At once the objection will be raised that we are passing from the ordinary to a metaphorical use of words: my purpose has been to raise it, and I shall later attempt a reply to it. In the meanwhile I shall say without apology or argument that when we declare that a man is tall and presently that his son, a boy of 12, is tall, though we may measure both with the same measure against the same door, we are not using the same standard for the two—there is one standard for a man, another for a child.

This homely observation may offer us an entrance to a problem as fascinating as it is perplexing. If we return to the *Encyclopaedia*, we see again that a standard is 'established by law or customarily recognised.' It is, then, founded on convention, based on agreement, protected by legal enactment or sanctioned by use and wont. But a convention has a date, an agreement is made at some point of time, and if not our knowledge, at least, our

imagination can travel back to it, and we may ask what of our standard before that momentous hour. Or will our enquiry be hushed by the discreet reminder that the standard was but born in that very hour; or shall we be told more plainly that we have misunderstood the whole problem, and that standard, convention and agreement are but three names for one and the same thing? We can at any rate make a plausible case against the accusation, and give good reason for pursuing what seemed for an instant to be a temerarious and even an improper inquiry.

Let us take the first of these alternatives. If a convention is established by law, then law must have preceded convention—preceded, that is to say, any particular convention in which we may happen to be interested, and for the origin and support of which we look to law,—but what are we to say of law itself? Is law itself a convention or not? Sir George Cornewall Lewis in his work, "*The Use and Abuse of Political Ideas*," a treasury of exact thought, ordered learning and precise statement, declares (following Blackstone) that "law excludes the idea of compact; for a compact is a promise proceeding *from* us, law is a command directed *to* us. The language of compact is 'I will or will not, do this;' that of a law is 'Thou shalt or shalt not, do it.' No agreement can exist, except in a moral sense, between a sovereign and his subjects, between a government and people, as there is no legitimate means of enforcing it." It would appear from this that a convention, an agreement or a bargain is somehow made, and that law enforces the strict observance of it. The parties to the convention are subject to the law, without which the convention could not be maintained since either party, or both might break it with impunity. Again, Sir George Lewis writes:—"The only proper mode of determining a dispute as to the existence or construction

of a law, is by application to a competent tribunal, which alone has authority to decide it." And he adds immediately, "Law, however, is often used to denote, not the commands of a sovereign, but certain moral rules, the existence of which can only be determined by the arguments of private individuals, and not by the authority of public officers. It is in this sense that we speak of the law of God, the law of nature, the laws of honour, etc."

What then, is this tribunal which can decide a dispute not only as to the 'construction' but even as to the 'existence' of a law? Is it the embodiment of law; or are we to say that it has been created by law, or on the contrary that law derives from it?

We may remind ourselves that to whatever objections the theory lies open which finds the origin of Society in a compact or contract, the theory has profoundly affected both political and social theory and practice, and does afford if not an historical account of the beginnings of Society, at any rate a very valuable and cogent logical account of the powers and operations of Society when from whatever origin, it has sprung into being. The truth is, we cannot attach any meaning to the word law until we have postulated Society, nor to Society until we have presumed the existence of a Sovereign. The Sovereign may be a monarch, or a Committee or a Democracy; but in whatever form sovereignty shows itself, it yields obedience to none, it claims and receives obedience from the community which it governs, and which, without that government, could not exist. "The sovereign"—I quote once more and for the last time from Lewis—"has the complete disposal of the life, rights and duties of every member of the community. It has also power to modify or change the existing form of government. There is no law which it has not power to alter, repeal or enact." Who is this sovereign?

And we must press an even shrewder inquiry: "How is it that those very matters escape his decision and control in which the greatest variations are possible, in which the curtailment or restriction of variations most grievously impedes human progress—just as their unchecked development may produce the greatest misfortunes—how is it, in a word, that his powers end where the interests of men assume their keenest vivacity." "The Law of God, the laws of nature, the laws of honour," claim another origin and a different sanction. "The words lawful and unlawful," wrote Archbishop Whately, "are sometimes employed with reference to the law of the land and sometimes to the law of God and the dictates of a sound conscience; so that the same thing may be lawful in one sense, which is unlawful in another."

The Archbishop was, no doubt, able to recall a sentence from the Book of Proverbs—"Divers measures are an abomination to the Lord," and his experience of the world must have taught him that they cause infinite confusion among men:

Gathering up the considerations and questions which have suggested themselves, we may now perhaps say: that a standard ought to be clearly seen and understood, it ought to be general or even universal in its application, conformity to it being enforced, and dissent in some fashion penalised: it is set up by a sovereign; but we have also to add that in fact a standard recognised and respected by some men fails to win the recognition and hold the respect of others, that a standard valid in one department of human inquiry or preoccupation may not be valid in another; that while a standard may be a convention binding upon men in that region which we call legal, it is not upheld by the same sanction in that larger region which we call moral, that the same or similar penalties do not attend its neglect or violation in both domains; and

finally that of the nature and origin of the sovereign who establishes and maintains the standard, very little, if anything, can be said, except in the terms of law, from which convention draws its strength, or of a tribunal which in turn interprets law or asserts its existence and defines its range; and such a tribunal must either represent the sovereign or actually be the sovereign. And this may well be condemned as a very unsatisfactory result to reach after so vexatious an investigation.

Perhaps, we shall meet with a better reward for a further search, and we can make it in simpler language. The practical, everyday answers to the questions "Why am I to do this?" and "Why is this right or that wrong?" are "Because most other people, or all other people, do this," and "Because I have always heard that this is right and that is wrong," and a man who should invariably press behind these usual, these conventional replies would spend all his life in raising questions which the world would not stay to answer, and could not answer if it stayed. For clearly a man who is not content with what satisfies his neighbours, desires something personal and peculiar to himself, and this he must get for himself, for his neighbours will not supply it, not simply from lack of goodwill or interest, but from lack of ability. If he finds unsuitable for himself the ordinary houses in which ordinary folk live placidly and even thankfully, he must build for himself, and even so must ask the aid of other men who will not perfectly understand or execute his designs; he must avail himself of timber, bricks or stones, the very materials out of which the children of convention make habitations comfortable to themselves if painful to his special taste; even if he climbs a tree and makes his simple abode there, he must choose a tree from among those which nature has provided, and he will complain idly of the inconveniences which in the

speech of the vulgar are associated with that kind of dwelling place: he may find it hard to keep his balance at the height to which his fastidious imagination has urged him; he may find it even harder to come down. And yet what ignominy to beg the assistance of the despised multitude to rescue you from your solitary eminence! Prudence and indolence alike counsel us to do what other men do, and to accept as right what is commonly so regarded.

But upon a man the most respectable and ordinary, once perhaps in a lifetime of inconspicuous resemblance to his fellows, there comes, like a sudden wind breaking the far-stretched equability of a level sky, a passion to be himself, a lust for difference and distinction, that cannot be resisted or gainsaid. Like a wind it bears him, uncontrolled except by its own vehemence, unquestioning, passive and obedient to its entralling mastery, to some splendid extravagance, to some gorgeous imbecility; he wears a frock coat and the garments which befit and accompany it, all of them except boots; barefoot he goes, but dauntless, his delicate feet warmed and protected by the shining transparency of his idealism. Or, an individual once more, and bursting the soft fetters of the usual and the safe, the imperious victim of a more imperious impulse, he incontinently sells all that he possesses and gives to the poor. He does not ask in those rare moments of mad or saintly illumination what the world thinks, he neither seeks approval nor shuns censure; indifferent to both, he does what he likes and declares that it is good, and pays to enthusiasm the homage customarily rendered to law. Passion has wrested the sceptre from convention; freedom has taken the seat of ousted and outraged authority. And we look on with little either of pity or of vexation in our hearts, and use the strange words of a paradox which much

repetition on the lips of men has worn to smoothness. "He will come to his senses," we say; and "he will come to himself," meaning that he will return to the common fashion of dress or of charity. And in most cases we are right enough: the gust which seized the object of our very temperate commiseration dies as suddenly as it was born; the mood of eccentric self-sacrifice quickly passes; and he who took our wonder for a moment is restored, booted like ourselves, and swayed by emotions no more violent than our own. Or if not, the world, richly provided with hospitals for sick minds, will commit him to a seclusion in which he will not affront our sense of propriety by an unduly prolonged exhibition of singularity; or else, should he prove intractable and menacing, will drive him out into the wilderness which is the only home for the irreconcileable and the absurd. Then we may trust our large powers of forgetfulness to blot or erase a disconcerting picture. Out of his mind we call him, and for punishment we attempt, with rarely broken success, to put him out of our minds as well. Broken rarely, the success with which we rebuild our tranquility, is yet broken sometimes. A chivalrous act, a supreme penance self-imposed and endured with the smile either of irony or of untroubled composure, a great sentence, once uttered and not to be silenced by the gross sounds of prosperous wisdom, the unworldly precept launched upon a cautious world to take no thought for the morrow, the conflicting but coequal doctrines, one, that the kingdom of heaven suffers violence, the other, that it is only to be entered by little children—these astonishing deeds and words make their unerring course, like arrows barbed in heaven and divinely poisoned, to the hearts of men, and fix themselves there; like some music, which turns to discord what we had earlier greeted, and still strive to keep, as harmonies, they pierce the mind with

beauty, and arraign our very judgment; they beat like the unwearying sea upon a bastioned shore, and shake the foundations of our solid world. Unconquered and yet unconquering, or at best moving very slowly to contested triumph, they shine like a light in the darkness, uncomprehended but inextinguishable. Shall we deny that these are standards? And yet can we pretend that they are by law established, or by custom recognised?

Rather with law and custom they seem to wage a truceless war, receiving from their natural enemies the tribute of mockery or of contradiction. They cannot be brought as subjects within the pale of use, but no more can they be banished or ignored: exceptional, they will not take, even when it is offered to them, the rank of the merely pre-eminent and the distinguished, for they silently assert their difference of quality. If men should argue "This, after all, is charity, and this courage, and this is but one other of our own familiar virtues raised to a higher level than the ordinary, more nobly proportioned and richly endowed"—they but veil under these words a flattery offered to themselves, and show that they have not perceived the transcendent quality of the things they seek by such measures to appraise. It is to the credit of human honesty and intelligence that they seldom argue so; they leave the heroic in isolation, admitting its difference, and attempting to withhold their allegiance; and follow their accustomed orbit.

They are modest men, they say; they keep well within the bounds marked for them by their fathers and observed by their contemporaries; they claim no more for themselves than those others, men of repute, were fain to hold.

It would, they go on, in complacent self-defence, be not indeed a failure, but an error of taste to do otherwise.

Taste, the most individual and incommunicable of judgments, is for them a judgment common and certain; they are not at a loss to determine what is taste, good taste; it is the taste of the people with whom they consort, and it is exhibited in the things which these persons approve. Rotund in mind they very naturally argue in a circle; these things, they say, are allowed and enjoined by good taste, and good taste consists in these things. How perfect a standard to which all things conform; how perfect a world governed by so admirable and efficient a canon!

What is a canon? Let us make appeal again to the *Encyclopaedia*, where we shall find a most interesting paragraph. "The Greek word means originally a straight rod or pole, and metaphorically what serves to keep a thing upright or straight, a rule. In the New Testament it occurs in Gal vi, 16, and 2 Cor. x, 13, 15, 16—signifying in the former passage a measure, in the latter what is measured a district." It is to be noted, what the writer of the article does not deem it necessary to remark, that the *rule* transcends and by an undreamt fulfilment, abolishes hitherto accepted *rules*, and that the district or province is wider than any hitherto delimited. But let us not interrupt him longer; he continues "the two general applications of the word fall mainly into two groups, in one of which the underlying meaning is that of rule, in the other that of a list or catalogue, *i.e.*, of books containing the rule."

The two meanings are exactly comparable to those which we have given to the word taste, and the distinction between the two just what we have already drawn.

But we must follow our inquiry yet further. In Wilson's *Rhetoric*, written in 1553, and quoted by Sir James Murray in the New English Dictionary we may read

a definition of canon and canonical: "Such as all the world hath confirmed and agreed upon, that (it) is authentic and canonical." But here we come back to an earlier and a recurrent problem, why has all the world "confirmed and agreed upon" this and not upon that, upon these ways of action and of thought rather than upon others? How is the canon established? and why? But to ask these questions is to criticise the criterion, and if we have the audacity to do that once we may do it twice, and endlessly, for ever seeking more remote tests for receding standards; or is there some limit to this process? If we accept what is confirmed and agreed upon, we may very easily be misled. "Wisdom," says Crosse in *Vertue's Commonwealth*, "Wisdom under a ragged coat is seldom canonical."

The proper object of dutiful regard, it would seem, may be disregarded or treated with hostility or contempt, for want of a livery. Are we then to strip all the ideas and actions which we encounter, to avoid the risk of confounding friends and foes? Or is it wisdom's duty to wear a good coat, of the usual stuff and cut to the fashion, for its own safety and our convenience? And for our own conduct are we to halt for ever in hesitant self-examination? Is it not possible for us to do what clearly it would be convenient for us to do, namely to have recourse at once to a standard, accessible, unmistakable, definite and final? In Holland's *Pliny* we have an instructive sentence: "Moreover he hath made that which workmen call canon, that is to say, one absolute piece of work, from whence artificers do fetch their draughts, symmetries and proportions." An excellent practice for artificers; "theirs not to reason why," theirs but to take instructions and copy models and work to a design made by other hands. For artificers a tolerable and, indeed, an excellent arrangement; but for artists, no, and therefore for human beings, no,

since art is their inalienable prerogative. Not less certainly and far more vehemently than men crave the comforting warmth, the supporting pressure of the crowd, they long for space and air; they want independence without loneliness, and company without constraint. The absolute piece of work fashioned to express the ideas and hopes of another mind they cannot always accept as the model for the fresh incarnation of their own ideas. When—and that is for the most part their condition—they are unvisited by ideas, they can express conventions in conventional forms; but let ideas break their calm, and the model serves no more. What is to guide them on the way from tradition, through discontent, to progress? Example, fortified by agelong reverence, has suddenly lost its potency. They envy the liberty of the enthusiast and the eccentric because they have guessed his secret; he is impelled by a purpose greater than himself, he revolves upon a circle larger than their own, he is unassailable because the vassal of an unseen power, the bondsman of authority. But if convention, the summary and epitome of things ordinarily admired, cannot exercise because it does not possess this authority, no more can mere spontaneity make a law for itself. The hat or waistcoat in which youth pays its touching homage to the idea of elegance may seize our attention, and exercise our patience, but it cannot always win our assent; for though formality may be the inglorious badge of maturity, and a certain rigidity may be the regretted though pardoned token of old age, we shall still mark off effrontery from freedom, and note the contrast between disciplined ease and exuberant licence. But what must be our judgment if we saw in a dress or a house, in a picture or a poem, a vision of beauty strange to our eyes and yet compelling and convincing? By no precedent has that artist been guided; no model or

example or pattern has moulded him; his appeal is to Authority, and we not only see what he has wrought, but catch a glimpse at least of the power to which he has abandoned himself, a power which snatches our allegiance, and, if but a moment, retains it.

Whenever such fortune befalls us, whenever our eyes and minds are filled by such a sight, we instantly break down the barriers which divide one part from another of our appreciation and of our life. "True taste," wrote Ruskin in *A Joy For Ever*, "or the instantaneous preference of the noble thing to the ignoble, is a necessary accompaniment of high worthiness in nations or men." But he wrote in language more apt because less cautious in the *Crown of Wild Olive*, "Taste is not only a part and an index of morality;—it is the only morality." If then we could track Authority to its seat and source in the domain of Taste, we should have found it also in Morality.

For what we must now ask is Morality? We might, of course, answer, and without fear of contradiction, that morality means the sum of acts approved by men as conforming to a code or a type also approved; and we might say that custom has lent approval to certain acts and to a certain code or codes, and withheld it from others. All this may be true, but it is not enough; we must find the source of action and the ground of approbation. We find both in human will. The will of man, directed by his intellect and urged by his desire, but surpassing both in range and power, pursues an ideal in which he may find himself, with which he may identify himself. The long, the endless road towards this ideal is marked by many stages travelled, step by step. Every act and thought of a man makes such a step. But it is made not merely as a step, or a stage towards a distant goal; in each step as he goes he must realise himself; in each finite achievement

he must see the imprint and note the signature of the infinite ; in each, the end must in a sense and in a measure be already attained ; but yet in each the comparison is drawn, the strong contrast felt, between so much of the ideal as has been won and the ideal itself in its fulness and completeness. For progress is measured on the one hand by the distance travelled from the starting point, and on the other by the space which yet separates us from our goal.

Progress is essential to our notion of an ideal. Here we meet an old problem—for if we grant this are we not setting the goal of all effort at an immeasurable distance ? If progress is for ever to be maintained, can the end ever be reached ? Can an end reached be an ideal of which progress is an essential quality ? And once more how between an infinitely remote beginning and an infinitely remote destination can progress be marked as we have claimed that it must be and that it is ?

The best answer in prose I know to this difficult question is that of T. H. Green, made in language itself necessarily difficult.

“Moral goodness is devotion to a moral ideal, which we regard as a divine principle of improvement in man. But this progress and development cannot be a mere process to infinity ; it must have an end in an eternal state of being, in which self-conscious personality is maintained ; and since the realisation of human personality can mean nothing except its realisation in society, then for all the differences of function between different members of society, it must imply in all of them the fulfilment of the idea of humanity, *i.e.*, devotion to the perfection of man. The moral ideal, then, has at once a personal and a social character.”

This doctrine is familiar in poetic writing. Whenever

a man reaches any pure height of personal achievement in thought or action, he is aware of sympathies and connexions with other men and with the world at large of which he was ignorant at a lower level: being more truly than at other times himself, he is more than himself; or as we may express the same fact in other words, a man is only one with himself when he is at one with the world. The inner harmony is not indeed accompanied by an outer, larger harmony; rather, the inner harmony is taken up into and becomes a general and universal concord. We know quite well what is meant when we are told that a vast number of people, for all the variety and divergence of their several interests, occupations and origins, rise or move as 'one man.' For an instant, if for no more, they are drawn into a unity, they are no longer a mere crowd or concourse of men and women; they are more than an association or a party; they are one spirit, one soul. Religious writers, who have most need for poetic expression, being most concerned with poetry, that creative, vitalising and simplifying passion, have from age to age used this singular language without question or challenge. The Church itself, spreading through all lands, numbering its members in all ages of the past, including in its timeless and spaceless bounds the dead and the yet unborn, is called a bride: a bride adorned, not with the spangled decorations of incongruous virtues, but with a beauty consistent with her own nature, at each stage of its ripening development, and prophetic already of her final ineffable splendour. And yet again, and as we perceive quite naturally, the figure changes, and the amazing allegory offers to our eyes a city, four square, shining with the confluent lights of many jewels, peopled but unified—a city, but a person still, holding in its infinite simplicity the manifold qualities of ten thousand times ten thousand

spirits, a commonwealth, but a single soul. One with themselves, their fellow-citizens, and their spiritual habitation, they have that very perfection which we call artistic, for the mode of their being is identical with being itself ; for the just and ultimate expression of an idea is the idea itself fulfilled and made manifest. But the doctrine of the philosophers receives a yet more astonishing illustration or proof (for illustration, when light directed upon any object of visual regard or inner speculation meets and merges in the light which shines from within, it becomes proof). Such a city is the far and final resting-place of men ; reached by long pilgrimage of the feet, it is built by laborious hands ; its inhabitants have made it by travelling towards it ; there they repose after toil, and dwell in undisturbed, unthreatened security ; but more conspicuous than its other constellated glories, the very thread which holds its matched and ordered jewels, is a road,—“a high-road shall be there and a way.” Hope continues though perfection is won, progress is maintained in established peace.

“Human excellence by no means depends upon the greater sum of *single, rigorously moral*, actions, but upon the greater congruence of the whole native disposition with the moral law ; and it is a small recommendation to an age or a people, if we hear much among them concerning morality and single moral deeds ; rather may we hope that in the climax of culture, if such a thing can be imagined, there will be little *talk* about it.”*

* SCHILLER.—“Upon the Moral Use of *Aesthetic Manners*” (*Philosophical and Aesthetic Letters and Essays of Schiller*; trans. by J. Weiss, p. 202). Schiller continues: “On the other hand, Taste can avail true virtue, *positively*, in all the cases where the reason makes the first move, and is in danger of being outvoted by the stronger force of the native impulses. For, in this case, it reconciles our sensuousness with the interest of duty, and thus makes a meagre degree of moral volition adequate to the practice of virtue. Now, if Taste, as such, injures true morality in no case but rather openly assists it in many, the circum-

The city which we seek is itself subject to a standard. The catalogue of its virtues is the list of its beauties; but its virtues and beauties are both, to repeat Schiller's word, congruent with a law. What is this law? The dimensions, we read, of the city were such and such, "according to the measure of a man, that is, of an angel;" the standard to which we bring action and thought, morality and art, is given by the proportions of that figure, eternally pre-existent before all acts of mind or of hand, the regulative norm by which they are judged, the touchstone by which they are tried, but for ever suffering the splendid abasement of successive incarnations in all acts congruent to his nature, acts in which that nature is wrought by the art of practised goodness, by the goodness of disciplined art, to a vivid realisation in which system is vitalised and life accepts self-governance in the control of a unified Society.

stance that it promotes in the highest degree, the *legality* of our conduct, must possess great weight. Suppose that an æsthetic culture could not in the least contribute to make us better intentioned, it would, at any rate, render us skilful so to act, even without a true moral intention, as a moral intention would have caused us to act. It is true, our actions concern by no means the court of morality, excepting as they are an expression of our intentions: but, reversely, our intentions concern by no means the physical court, and the plan of nature, excepting as they induce actions which further the design of nature. But now both the physical sphere of force, and the moral sphere of law, coincide so strictly, and are so intimately blended, that actions which according to their form coincide with a moral design, at the same time include in their contents a coincidence with a physical design: and as the whole natural structure only seems to exist in order to make goodness, the highest of all designs, possible, so goodness may in turn be used as a means to sustain the natural structure. The order of nature, then, is made dependent upon the morality of our intentions, and we cannot offend against the moral world without at the same time producing disorder in the physical . . . An obligation results . . . for us at least to satisfy the physical design by the *contents* of our actions, even if we should not do as much for the moral design by their *form*—at least to discharge to the design of nature, as perfect instruments, the debt which we owe to reason, as perfect Persons, in order not to be disgraced at the same time before both tribunals "

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

By WILLIAM E. SIMS, A.K.C.,
PRESIDENT.

ONE of the advantages enjoyed by a President in the preparation of an Inaugural Address to a Literary Society is a delightful sense of freedom from the restraints imposed upon those less fortunate readers of papers who are expected to confine their lucubrations within the limited area of a definite subject. It is a part of his prerogative to survey mankind from China to Peru as if from the lofty elevation of an aeroplane poised in the vault of heaven. Around him stretches the illimitable azure, while his view of things mundane is characterised by comprehensiveness, and possibly some indistinctness of outline or definition.

An Address entitled "Some Reflections on the Study of Literature" seems to suggest an almost sinister intention to make full use of the Presidential prerogative, and certainly reveals a keen appreciation of the privileges appertaining to freedom from narrow boundaries or the necessity of a meticulous accuracy in attention to details. The subject is too wide for anything more than the most general treatment, and some nervous apprehension may be allayed if I remark, at once, in language adapted from Matthew Arnold, that the title of my paper is merely a phrase thrown out, as it were, at a vast object of the writer's consciousness. The Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool has no ambition to discharge the functions of a teaching body charged with the responsibility of providing an exhasutive scientific treatment of the themes

that engage its attention. It is a fellowship of individuals, gregarious in their instincts, who are interested alike in the materials of thought and the forms of their presentation. Some have leanings towards philosophy, while others exhibit a preference for literature, and the value of the Society largely consists in the mental stimulus provided by quasi-informal meetings for the discussion of topics of intellectual interest. Among these the study of literature naturally occupies a very high place, and we are all in various ways students of books. One of the most precious gifts in the hands of the gods to bestow is a love of reading. Books are a boon and a blessing to men. Well-chosen, they are moral and mental anodynes which leave no unpleasant after effects. Mr. Carnegie defends, I believe, his colossal outlay in the erection of free public libraries, when so many urgent claims of meritorious causes are made upon every guinea available for charity, on the ground that to provide the means of satisfying a desire for literature is to confer a conspicuous benefit upon mankind. When a lad, too poor to afford a subscription to a library, a kindly benefactor paid the sum that made him a freeman of the city of the sages, and this the greatest pleasure he was conscious of enjoying in life, was one he determined to give when opportunity offered to all who cared to embrace it.

A world without books would be like a world without trees, a barren expanse, some conception of the dreariness of which is obtained when unfortunate necessity compels a brief sojourn in a house that has been furnished without reference to the needs of the mind. In a spirit of compassion for the dismal estate of its regular occupants one is led to ponder the question whether like the promptings of love, or the joys of motherhood, the faculty of appreciation for literature is merely dormant, awaiting the impulse

that quickens the mental circulation; and if so, what a benevolent desire to benefit mankind can effect in arousing the slumbering consciousness.

A present of books might furnish merely the means of raising flower pots or ornaments, instead of ornamenting or elevating the mind, and a friendly conversation on the advantages of the study of literature, apart from being a somewhat one-sided affair, might encourage darkling suspicions of a sinister desire to paint the lily or gild refined gold, by suggesting room for improvement where none existed; or an improper advocacy of an unsocial habit of wasting time in a meaningless solitary pleasure to the detriment of family happiness.

Perhaps such an expression as the "Study of Literature" is calculated to warn off the timid individual who shrinks from the thought of a syllabus, enriched by references to authorities consulted, and is dimly aware of the amorphous character of the subject. Visions arise of rivers of language watering many fields, of streams that irrigate the whole province of history, of the Genesis and Exodus of the thought of nations. We think of the golden silver and copper ages of literary activity, of the rise, progress and decline of the literary spirit in divers periods and sundry lands. For a bird's eye view we should need the range of an eagle and the multiple sight of an Argus. Of making books, said a wise man, there is no end and much study is a weariness to the flesh.

In choosing such a title as *Reflections on the Study of Literature* for this paper the chief motive is to recommend the companionship of books, chosen rather with a view to the enrichment of life, than the exhaustion of its powers in seats of strenuous application. There was an amusing person in one of the *Essays of Elia*, whose occupation was the game of whist. "It was her business, her duty, the

thing she came into the world to do, and she did it,—she unbent her mind afterwards over a book."

Mrs. Battle would have borne emphatic testimony to the value of literature as a relaxation from graver pursuits. Even the bow of Ulysses cannot be strained with impunity, and in literary ease or abandonment the taut strings of an overworked brain recover their wonted elasticity. Mrs. Battle's relations and connections are very numerous, and there is a great demand, at any rate, for light literature. But, unfortunately, the term is not without ambiguity. There is the lightness of such a product of skill as the gossamer veil cut by the Scimitar of Saladin, and there is the lightness of that fluff of mysterious origin, the despair of the cleanly housewife. Why the trivial story of the woes of Edwin and Angelina, described in the language of an errand boy, is regarded as light, while the moving narrative of the sorrows of Othello and Desdemona, told by the greatest master of English speech, is assumed to be heavy, raises problems of weight and gravitation insoluble to the non-scientific mind. Light literature in popular estimation is generally found to be synonymous with fiction. "I want something light to read" remarks the young lady to the attendant at the library, and he promptly brings her a novel. You will note as a rule that its weight is appraised chronologically. Fielding and Scott are almost as ponderous as history or theology, even Thackeray and Dickens involve some strain upon the cerebral system. To be really *light* the novel must be new, the ink hardly dry, then its feathery condition is assured. Time works wonders, and this is not the least of its performances. Light foods are supposed to be easy of digestion, they are quickly assimilated by the system, no uneasiness will be caused by the incorporating process. But this gives one pause to think.

Many of the most recent novels are very difficult indeed to digest. Some we are loath to believe can be assimilated with ease, and others we are convinced must create a feeling of anxiety, if not of pain, in the process of incorporation.

Fiction contains some of the best literature, but like radium in pitchblende the proportion is insignificant in relation to the mass. Amid the multitudes of novels, most of them composed with a fatal facility, the book really worth reading is apt to be lost or unnoticed like a Privy Councillor on Hampstead Heath on a Bank holiday. The value of high class fiction is no doubt to be found in its reflection of life in all its wondrous diversity. It discharges the function, once the peculiar prerogative of poetry, of interpreting man to men. And incidentally it makes an appeal to thought upon subjects of intellectual interest in a manner less formal and more human than we find it in the works of professional writers dealing exclusively with the matters in question. There are many, however, who with a fine scorn dismiss the literature of relaxation whether patrician gossamer or plebian fluff with a Podsnap wave of the hand as unworthy of serious consideration. Simple minded persons, like Darwin for instance, may enjoy fiction, but the mature intellect demands more solid food. Emerson said that an Englishman read every day a chapter of Genesis and a leader in the *Times*. This would seem to indicate breadth of mind as well as seriousness of disposition. Genesis shows us how things began, and in the *Times* we see what they have come to. With a solid foundation and enjoying a glimpse of the goal one may skip many things on the way without loss of equanimity. These people unlike Mrs. Battle never unbend their minds over a book. Their demand is for work of a becoming gravity. The literature

they desiderate must be improving, of moral import, or instructive, full of information. They approve the utility of lists of the hundred best books as tending to economy of time and effort, but resent the intrusion into the catalogue of works of mere imagination. These are the frivolous garnishings around the dish of solid literature. Demand creates supply, and booksellers' shelves bend under the weight of massive contributions to the dulness of life. The magazines, in which once appeared the essays of Lamb and De Quincey, the wit of Sidney Smith, the frolic and farce of Maginn, or Barham, are closed to antics unseemly. The mischievous Puck is denied at the door, Robin Goodfellow's room is preferred to his company. Even the brilliances of a Macaulay or the sunset splendours of a Carlyle would seek for admission probably in vain. The superior magazines are no longer the vehicle of the literary spirit. Their contents are important, instructive, educational, written by experts in engineering, members of Parliament, financiers, authorities on textile manufactures, intensive cultivation of soils, bimetallism, and sanitation. Almost everything may be found in these periodicals except literature. That word "educational" reminds me that if some of the former avenues are closed, a broad highway has been prepared and macadamised for the literary pilgrim, with legible signboards at every turning, and milestones along the route. We may take lessons. We may join classes. We may be brought past the bitterness of our learning by some accomplished professional guide. He will lead us out of the wilderness in which the light bread is found that we loathe, and away from those arid tracts where the "young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*" and kindred publications, roar as they seek their meat from an appreciative public. Literature, he will explain, is something very different from journalism. The

books that people are invited to buy, and occasionally borrow, are not on the same footing as the papers they read. They belong to a loftier plane of thought, and in order properly to inflate the intellectual lungs with the rarefied air of that elevated region some training in mental breathing is necessary. In these altitudes the panting tyro might otherwise toil after the significance of these standard works in vain. They belong to a sunny land of promise flowing with nutritive milk and delectable honey, and our guide knows the fords of the Jordan. He will lead us into the flowery paths of culture and the arcanum of the literary spirit. The route is strewn with skeletons of defunct masterpieces and haunted by chimaeras dire. We are furnished with the syllabus of a course. We begin with a period remote and wallow among primitive origins, the germs of our language, the seeds of our mother tongue. We are initiated into movements and tendencies. We play joyously with influences and developments. We wrestle amid cross currents and pore over ingenious diagrams. We see words in a kind of dissolving view and endeavour to fix in our memory their elusive mutations. We track expressions to their lair in the dwellings of the cavemen and revel in chase of unconscious plagiarisms. The tricks of language rival the efforts of Maskelyne and Cook in deliberate mystification, but our astute guide is familiar with all their devices. Literature means language and language means words, and words mean anything, so we enter the Parnassian enclosure by the gate of philology and climb by the path of analysis. We are taught how to tear into rags a magnificent play and examine the warp and the woof of its fragments. Here is the reminiscence of a foreign tale, and there a notion from an obscure ballad. Characters borrowed jostle elbows with characters invented. This was added by a later hand, and that inserted by an editor.

We are borne along into a mählstrom of various readings, emendations, corrections, interpolations and incrustations. We count weak endings and light endings and ascertain the proportion of unstopped lines. We are in a surgery, an operating chamber. And we never want to see a book again. We are getting on famously with literature.

If I were in pursuit of a lover of literature after the fashion of Diogenes in search of a man, I should wend my way with the lantern not to the class-room where luminous professorial utterances were being rapidly transferred to the note books of students, but to the vicinity of some book-stall where patience would presently be rewarded by the appearance of one of those curious creatures who gravitate in the direction of octavos and folios as if impelled by the mysterious force of irresistible, magnetic or occult attraction, and linger lovingly over tomes that in the majority of instances are obsolete in relation to any conceivable necessity of a practical world. But even here care must be taken to distinguish between the bibliophile whose instinct is aroused by the tangible thing—the volume in parchment or leather—and the genuine lover whose devotion is spiritual, given to the soul of a book. The distinction, however, must be made with discrimination, for, in all true love, the body is precious as the material expression of a personality adored. We find Charles Lamb, no mere collector of rare editions, kissing an old folio with the ardour and furtive secrecy of a passionate lover lavishing endearments upon his mistress. If the question were asked of that useful individual, the man in the street, What do you understand by literature? His reply, laconic, seemingly irrefragable, would probably be "Books." The literature of the world is assuredly contained in books, but so are many things that would not be admitted by this Society as valid claimants to the desig-

nation. Charles Lamb furnished us with an amusing list of books that are not Literature, but we can easily make one for ourselves. Such works we consult for profit rather than read for pleasure. In some cases it is surely permissible merely to dip into a book. "Some books," says Bacon, "are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." It is only those in the last of these categories that have any claim to the dignity of literature, and even then not unless the process of mastication is prompted by motives that are purely disinterested as regards extraneous issues or ulterior consequences. It must be an epicure's joy. It must begin and end with the feast. Books chewed or digested for examination purposes, or with other unworthy designs, are ship's biscuit at the banquet. Every eye forms its own beauty, and matters of taste lie outside the sphere of argument. It is not easy to indicate with lucidity and brevity the qualities that entitle a work to be regarded as genuine literature. Unless they are recognised by a kind of intuition they are liable to escape detection altogether. The attempt to explain them is like an endeavour to define the meaning of the word gentleman. It resembles an effort to describe the merits of a Titian to a man who is colour blind. The instinct for literature must be differentiated from that desire for knowledge, information or amusement which often sends people to books. A man may be a great reader, a good scholar, a genuine philosopher, a learned pundit, and yet blind as a mole to the merits of a literary masterpiece. Just as a man may be a theologian, a Church historian, an acute controversialist while lacking the savour of true religion. It has been said that what a man wants for a book is a nose, and if the remark is treated with Oriental scorn, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing," may we suggest

that a subtle emanation, or an aura pertains to literature which needs for its detection a kind of olfactory instinct not universally bestowed. Music demands an ear, and without an ear of the right receptive quality a ravishing melody is nothing to the listener but an irritating noise. Charles Lamb used to say that although his loyalty had never been impeached, yet even with assiduous practice he had never been able to arrive within many quavers of the tune of "God save the King." What may be found in music by the illuminati can be dimly conjectured by perusing the descriptive matter furnished in the programmes of some fashionable concerts. The harmonies and melodies we are led to understand enable the properly initiated to transport themselves in imagination as on a magic carpet or in a Wells' Time machine to far off climes of distant ages with a vivid realisation of, the details of their adventures astonishing to a less gifted mind. Art demands an eye. To a lady contemplating some of the wonderful pictorial visions of Turner, who said that she saw no such colours in nature, the Artist replied, "Perhaps not Madam, but don't you wish that you did"? What Art can reveal to the seeing eye that is hidden from the crowd, may be partly understood when we stand before some recent examples, and note the disparity between what is obvious to the naked uninstructed organ of vision, and what is clearly manifest to the favourable critic gifted with a power seemingly occult of seeing things ordinarily invisible. Analogies are always imperfect, and illustrations frequently misleading, but there seems to be a sort of connection between the abstruse influences of Music or Art upon many of its votaries, and the recondite power exercised by Literature upon those whose delight is therein. Readers of that excellent compilation *The Book-lover's Enchiridion* will recall to memory a large number of passages which bear eloquent

testimony to the mysterious charm, the subtle delight found by their authors, in books. And someone immediately says that these were intellectual men of a philosophical habit of mind, who lived in a world of abstract ideas and found their enjoyment in the processes of thought. But it is a matter of common knowledge that books are so far from being essential to the happiness of a philosopher, that Socrates, although possibly not unacquainted with them, was guiltless of wearying the flesh by adding to their number, and, but for the inveterate habit apparently ingrained in the philosophical mind of attempting to refute all previous arguments before propounding a new one, there might have been a kind of Apostolical succession of philosophical tradition altogether independent of expression of literature. Moreover, one must do most of the philosophers the simple justice of admitting that although unable or unwilling to dispense with books for the preservation or propagation of their theories they have displayed a noble, albeit jealous, anxiety to safeguard their pupils from the inference that these works had anything to do with literature. The inclusion for example, of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* in a list of the best books of the world, however defensible upon educational grounds, can be tolerated only when the misapprehension has been removed that the work found admission in consequence of its literary value. And the independence of any literary criterion enjoyed by the philosophers, is shared by many historians, although in their case books are indispensable to the work undertaken. Among historical writers, whose names are familiar to the public, no doubt are included many of our greatest men of letters. Lovers of literature, of felicities of thought and diction, of grace of style, of illuminating flashes of insight, of the mysterious influences of original personality in

colouring pictures of life, have revelled in the pages of Hume and Gibbon, of Carlyle and Macaulay, of Green and Froude, but we learn from more recent authorities that the qualities which evoked our admiration of these writers are precisely those which militate against their position as historians. The majestic panorama of Gibbon is valued at the cost of the raw materials out of which it is made; the prose poetry of Carlyle for the elements of research embedded in the structure. Hume merely amplified imperfect or inaccurate information with unnecessary verbiage. Others manipulated the facts of history in the interest of private or political pre-possessions. The literary gift was the bane of these historians. Ruskin thought that the roof of Charing Cross railway station, a hideous eyesore in a view of the river, was entirely satisfactory. It was not intended to serve the purposes of art. Nature when unadorned is said to be adorned the most, and the remark may be extended to include the naked ugliness of a railway station. According to the modern theory any style is rococo which relieves the dulness of historical narrative. It introduces the subjectivity of an artist. All the colours of nature are to be found represented in a small box of paints, there they are, primary, secondary, arranged in neat rows or tubes. You slip into your side pocket all the glories of the visible universe in a tabloid form—the radiance of the dawn, the brightness of the day, the splendour that bathes the Hesperides, the purple of the mountains, the azure of the sky, “the leaves of the forest when autumn is green,” “the deep and dark blue ocean.” All “pleasant pictures” are there, in germ or suggestion in that little tin box—and all that an artist could do, would be to transfer the colours to his canvas, ruined by the intrusion of subjective notions of arrangement or display. Your true historian with modest scorn effaces all trace of

his own personality. He produces the materials collected with assiduous industry, as far as possible, without note or comment. We roam through the museum. Here are the vestiges of a vanished world; the facts of history, the remains of the past. Charters, Rolls, Inscriptions, the legends engraved on monuments or stamped on coins, the text of laws and liturgies, the dry bones of contemporary chronicles. But no one must breathe upon these fragments that they may live. Visitors are requested not to touch the exhibits. You wanted to live again in the past, and to make the past come again to life in you. Well the museum is open from ten o'clock till four!

Biography, forms an important section of literature. Its charm is derived from imaginative reconstruction of man's life; its value depends upon verisimilitude; it reckons nothing human, strange, or foreign to it. And as the delineation of personality is an essential element, an escape is made from the ossarium or charnel house guarded by the Cerberus in charge of history. The most famous biography in our language, Boswell's *Johnson* is a standard example of the portraiture of a man. It is vital. The great lexicographer in his biographical destiny is at the antipodes of the illustrious poet whose plays he edited. He is lost in his published works, and appears in his biography while Shakespeare vanishes in the written lives of him, and appears in his poems and plays. The so-called life of Shakespeare reminds one of the flint soup described by an honoured member of this Society. You put the flint in the saucepan and add flavouring according to taste. And the flint can be used again with a different choice of condiments. There is ample scope for a *chef*. He possesses the flint of Shakespeare's life,—a handful of legal documents, half a dozen signatures, a baptismal entry, a broken font, a burial

register, a funereal monument, some old cottages, a few scraps of doubtful gossip,—and the soup can be served up clear or thick again and again. And yet even flint soup is better perhaps than some of the feasts of unreason prepared as biographical banquets. We sit down at a well ordered table, realise the labour involved in the production of multifarious accessories, and lifting the cover find nothing on the dish. The thing we hoped to enjoy is not there. The biographer has collected his materials with a marvellous industry, and out of the weltering chaos of letters, reminiscences, diaries, speeches, recollections, and appreciations, seeks to evolve a Kosmos. The scaffolding is enormous, and often is left as a proof of the labour undertaken, when the work is complete. We lean the massive volume against a firm support, and dipping into its pages, are reminded of the minutes of a vestry meeting or a report on elementary education. True, the world is made, the Garden of Eden planted, but the man we were in search of is not there. Adam is missing, Oh whither has the spirit fled?

A man of cultivated taste once remarked to me that his opinion of a reader's literary judgment was determined by the views he entertained of the value of Jane Austen's novels. He made them a test question. He used them as a kind of thermometer for ascertaining the mental temperature. None but a Connoisseur could properly appraise so rare a vintage. They were redolent with a fragrance, undetected by coarse olfactory nerves, like the faint odour of lavender in the drawers of an old bureau. I am not sure that some of the poet essayists and miscellaneous writers do not afford a better test of intelligent sensitiveness to the influence of the spirit of literature. Here surely are the fields Elysian. Here in half forgotten nooks we gather blossoms of asphodel. Here are the

sheltered bye-ways, the hidden paths, the secret glades, the book-lovers' walks. In these we meet such men as old Burton of the *Anatomy* and Fuller, Hobbes of the *Leviathan*, and Sir Thomas Browne, Evelyn, Pepys, the men of the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, the humourists. But, indeed, their name is legion, nor are they confined to any period. Once awaken an intelligent sensitiveness, time and opportunity will do the rest. Wherever you wander you will find those fields Elysian, for their limits are not geographical, and their joys are not temporal; like hope they spring eternal, those delights that are found in literature. Age writes no wrinkle upon the pure enjoyment; even the cares and sorrows of life cannot destroy their gracious influence. We are told that Mr. Gladstone after a stormy or a tedious debate of long hours' duration, found in the poetry of Homer a better relaxation than in drowsy sleep, and sat far into the night communing with the spirit of the Greeks. It is easily credible, as every reader knows. Literature reflects that life which is the sum of all human experiences, and interprets its meaning in all the tones of articulate speech. It links up the ages, it abolishes boundaries, it breaks down the walls of partition, it rises above the barriers of race, and creed and time. It is the voice of humanity telling the story of its thought and emotion. It is the catholic expression of man's heart and mind—of all that he suffers, of all that he enjoys, of all his mysterious yearnings, of all his darkling fears. To be admitted into the magic circle of its influence is to enter into a kind of new life, full of the suggestions of immortality. I cannot imagine a greater boon, a blessing more profound, than is conferred upon a young life when there is awakened in the mind that intelligent sensitiveness to the charm of literature which it is one of the objects of this Society to promote and foster. While the cloud of war hangs over us,

and the passions of men are deeply stirred, the still small voice of literature is drowned in the tumult, but history teaches us that almost every great development of the literary spirit has come as a sequel to a period of stress and storm, and it may be that among the results of the present conflict will be an intellectual and moral new birth of the nations, the dawn of a nobler day, gifted with a new power of expressing the loftier and enlarged aspirations of man.

THE PROPHETIC LITERATURE OF THE WAR.

By ALLAN HEYWOOD BRIGHT.

IN times of national stress and perplexity the minds of men seek support and guidance.

Some turn to the consolations of religion, others to the occult.* At such times the trade of the astrologer, the soothsayer, and the prophet flourishes. Does the gift of prophecy, of correctly foretelling the future, still exist or has it passed away?† And how far do the prophecies, which extend from the Middle Ages down to present time, apply to the great war of 1914?

Dr. Döllinger, a great historian and undoubted authority upon such a subject, thought that the gift of prophecy still existed, and, writing of Savonarola, he says‡:—

It is becoming more and more generally acknowledged that this extraordinary man was really possessed of a special gift of divination.

Many prophecies are merely shrewd guesses as to the future.§ The submarine, the flying machine, the electric telegraph, the gramophone, are clearly foreshadowed in such works as "*Baron Munchausen*" and the novels of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells.

* Cf., *Times* article, "The War and the Prophets," 23rd Sept., 1915.

† Cf., on this subject, Machiavelli's *Discourses on Titus Livius*, Book I, chap. 56.

‡ *Prophecies and the Prophetic Spirit in the Christian Era*.—Döllinger, p. 160.

§ Cf., Horace, Ode III, L. 34, and Virgil, *Aeneid* VI, L. 14.

Prophecies have frequently been promulgated to further certain ends.* Queen Christine, Cromwell, and William of Orange all made use of this instrument of prophecy.

Most of the more regular prophecies have certain features in common. The battle of Armageddon and Antichrist are usually the foundations upon which the full prophecies are constructed.

A perusal of the prophetic almanacks is not convincing. There is much qualification, an occasional hit, but also many misses.

It is scarcely possible to imagine any prophecy more unfortunate than the forecast for August, 1914, given in "Old Moore's Almanack":—

The month opens under rather unfortunate conditions. The opposition to the planet Uranus bringing some development of troubles. Our relations with Russia appear to be strained. It is to be hoped that the threatened rupture may be averted.

The following, however, is correct:—

The vacation is likely to be disturbed by adverse events, in which the travelling public are involved.

Germany is not once mentioned in August, nor is there the slightest indication of a war of the magnitude of the present colossal struggle.

Raphael's Almanac for 1916 has a strange apologia:—

My Almanac is published on the first day of August in each year, and the great war broke out in 1914 a few days afterwards, consequently I was unable to make any special reference to it in the 1915 edition.

Madame de Thebes † has a great reputation, and her Almanack is well worth perusal.

* *Prophecies and the Prophetic Spirit in the Christian Era*, p. 8.

† For her claims to correct prophecy of the war, see her Almanack for 1916.

She claims, not altogether without justice, to have predicted many of the occurrences of 1914.

British prophecy has its origin in the supposed writings of that mythical character Merlin, and has descended in a stream through Thomas the Rhymer, Nixon, and Mother Shipton.

There is considerable similarity in all these prophecies. They consist for the most part of folk sayings strung together, as—

York was, London is, and Edinburgh will be
The biggest o' the three.*

There is much allusion to lions, eagles, cocks, and other creatures. For example:—

A fleet shall come out of the North.
Riding upon a horse of trees,
A white hind beareth he,
And there wreaths so free.
That day the eagle shall him slay.†

But further on we are told—

Beside a headless cross of stone
There shall the eagle die that day,
And the red lion get renown.

The prophecies of Nostradamus (1503-1566) are of wider interest. His prophecies took the form of stanzas, divided into twelve centuries.

The meaning is usually very obscure, and it is only by picking out verses and lines here and there that it is possible to apply the prophecies to events.

His great reputation largely rests on his predictions of the deaths of Henry II of France and of Charles I of England.

* *Thomas of Erceldoune*, p. xlvi. Cf. Nixon's *Cheshire Prophecy*, p. 10.

† Nixon, p. 13.

The well-known line referring to the latter event is—

• *Senat de Londres mettront à mort leur Roy.**

The *Koelnische Zeitung* claims Nostradamus as a prophet of German victory.

Albion, royne de la mer

Alors, qu 'ira montagne de l'air (zeppelin?)

Cloches en canon (shells?), navir en cloche (submarine?)

Dis que la dernière heure approche.†

There is another stanza quoted by the *Koelnische Zeitung*—

De l'aquillon les efforts seront grands,

Sus l'ocean sera la porte ouverte,

La regne en l'isle sera *reteingrand*

Tremblera Londres par voille découverte.‡

This is translated in the *Liverpool Daily Post* of 24th February, 1915:—

From the North great efforts will be made,

Under the ocean the gate will be open,

The rule in the island will *recede*,

London will tremble when the (protecting) veil is torn away.

The English edition of 1672 gives another version, which reverses the sense:—

De l'Aquilon les efforts seront grands,

Sur l'Ocean sera la porte ouverte,

Le Regne en l'Isle sera *re-integrand*

Tremblera Londres par voilles descouvertes.

* Century IX, stanza 49.

† Quoted in the *Liverpool Daily Post*, 24th February, 1915.

These lines cannot be found in the English edition of 1672, nor are they in the Paris edition of 1867, taken from the editions of 1558, 1566, and 1568, nor are they given in De Vignon's *Interpretation*, Paris, 1910. I also cannot find that Nostradamus ever uses the word Albion. He always speaks of England as Angleterre or L'Isle Britannique.

‡ Nostradamus, Century II, stanza 67.

The endeavours of the North shall be great,
Upon the Ocean the gate shall be open,
 The Kingdom in the Island shall be *re-established*,
 London shall quake for fear of sails discovered.

There is a curious prediction contained in Nostradamus' epistle dedicatory addressed to Henry II :—

After this the barren Dane of a greater power than the second shall be admitted by two people, by the first obstinate that had power over the others; by the second and by the third that shall extend his circuit of the East of Europe as far as the Hungarians vanquished and overcome and by a Maritime sail, shall make his excursions into the Trinacrian and Adriatick Sea, by his Midons and Germany shall fall and the barbarian sect shall be wholly driven from among the Latins. Then the great Empire of Anti-Christ shall begin in the Atilla and Xerxes to come down with an innumerable multitude of people, inasmuch that the coming of the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the 48 degree shall transmigrate, driving away the abomination of the Anti-Christ.*

And so on.

The prophecies of Paracelsus (1493-1541) had a considerable vogue when first published in 1530.

They had been almost forgotten, and were brought back into the light by the Abbé Constant in 1861. They have recently been translated and published in English.

They consist of thirty-two emblematic figures, each having an allegorical explanation. Their meaning is very obscure, though some appear to relate to the present time.

It is, however, the more regular prophecies which require the greater attention.

This type of prophecy usually has some definite object—the exaltation of the Church, the advancement of some royal house or dynasty, or the abasement of some obnoxious doctrine or person. It is generally ante-dated.

* Nostradamus, Ed. 1672, p. 303.

The first portion of the prophecy being history is correct, the latter portion alone is prophecy. The object of this is clear.

Mediæval prophecy is best exemplified in the important papal prophecies.

Father Thurston in his admirable work, *The War and the Prophets*, says:—*

The observant reader will soon discover that the papal mottoes (St. Malachy's) are closely interwoven with the fabric of nearly all the recent religious predictions concerning present calamities and the end of the world.

The belief in an angelic Pope, who was to be, has been ascribed to Joachim (1145-1202), Abbot of Flora, in Calabria, though Dr. Döllinger † states that the first mention of such a Pope is to be found in the writings of Roger Bacon (1214-1294).

But the belief in the advent of such a Pope has been as prevalent as the belief in the appearance of Anti-Christ. Ingenious writers have identified Anti-Christ according to their inclinations and opinions.

Mahomet and Napoleon divide the honour. The Jesuit, Menestrier,‡ was certain that Martin Luther was the person, and was able to translate his name into the figure 666—the mark of the beast. St. Irenaeus (120-195) found the right number in the word “Lateinos” §—

This being the name of the last Kingdom of the four, as seen by Daniel, for the Latins are they who at present bear rule.

An article in the *Daily Mail* of 2nd October, 1915, by “An Old Soldier,” proves to his own satisfaction, and

* *The War and the Prophets*, p. vii.

† Döllinger, p. 101.

‡ Menestrier's *Philosophie des Images*, p. 73.

§ *History in Prophecy*, by Rev. W. Baillie, p. 79.

doubtless to that of many others, that the word Kaiser stands for 666. It is scarcely necessary to point out that the present German Emperor is not the only Kaiser there has been!

It is now recognized that Nero was the Anti-Christ of the Apocalypse.

The prophecies attributed* to St. Malachy (1094-1148) are of great interest.

Each Pope has a motto. These prophecies were probably written about 1590. There are one hundred and eleven of them in all.

Pius IX has the motto "*Crux de Cruce.*" He lost his territorial possessions to the House of Savoy, whose arms are "a white cross on a red field." Leo XIII has the motto "*Lumen in Coelo.*" Among the charges in his arms is a comet. Pius X's motto was "*Ignis Ardens,*" while Benedict XV—the present Pope—enjoys the ominous motto of "*Religio Depopulata.*"

The great prophecy of the Houses of Brandenburgh and Prussia is the famous poem of one hundred rhyming Latin hexameters, purporting to be written by one Hermann (Arminius), Prior of the Monastery of Lehnin, in Brandenburgh, in the year 1240.

It was probably written about 1690.†

The last twelve lines may be translated:—

The Son shall flourish—he shall have what he never hoped for.

But a sad people shall weep in those times,
For the fate of a wonderful future is seen to approach,
And the Prince does not know what increase the new power is acquiring.

* Cf. Döllinger, p. 13; Thurston's *War and the Prophets*, p. 132; Article by the Marquess of Bute in the *Dublin Review*, Oct. 1885; and the *Catholic Encyclopædia*.

† Döllinger, Appendix A, where the prophecy is fully discussed, and the Latin text given in full.

At length he wields the sceptre who is the last of his race.
 Israel dares to commit an unutterable crime, to be
 expiated by death.

And the shepherd receives back his flock, Germany a
 King.

The Mark (of Brandenburgh), entirely forgetting all its
 evils,

Dares to cherish its own people and the foreigner no
 longer rejoices.

And the former glory of the houses of Lehnin and Chorin
 shall rise again.

And the Clergy shall shine again in their ancient splen-
 dour.

And the wolf shall no longer lie in wait to prey upon the
 noble flock.*

The first lines seem not altogether inapplicable to William, the first German Emperor, but it is notable that there is no allusion to the German Empire or even the Kingdom of Prussia.

The well-known prophecy of Orval † requires some consideration. It purports to have been written by one Olivarius in the year 1544. It is in two parts, and the earliest printed copy that can be found is dated 1840.

* Natus florebit, quod non sperasset habebit,
 Sed populus tristis flebit temporibus istis.
 Nam sortis miræ videntur fata venire,
 Et Princeps nescit, quod nova potentia crescit.
 Tandem sceptra gerit qui stemmatis ultimus erit.
 Israel nefandum scelus audet morte piandum,
 Et Pastor gregem recipit, Germania Regem.
 Marchia, cunctorum penitus oblita malorum,
 Ipsa suos audet fovere, nec advena gaudet,
 Priscaque Lehnini surgent et tecta Chorini,
 Et veteri more Clerus splendescit honore,
 Nec lupus nobili plus insidiatur ovili.

† So called from the Monastery of Orval, where the original is said to have been preserved. For the genesis of this prophecy, see *The War and the Prophets*, p. 10, and the *Occult Review* for April, 1916, in which there is an interesting article on the prophecy by Frederic Thurston.

It is somewhat singular that this prophecy has attained the celebrity it has. It is a sort of rhapsody in the interest of a Legitimist Restoration. For example—

God loveth peace. Come, young Prince ; come, quit the island of your captivity ; join the Lion to the White Flower.

And much more of the same sort.

The prophecy of Mayence * first appeared in the *Matin*, on August 23rd, 1914.

It was said to date from 1854, and it at once leapt into fame. It commences with the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, alludes to the overthrow of Napoleon III, and states that Alsace-Lorraine shall be taken from France for a period and a half.

The time of Mercy approaches. A Prince of the Nation is in your midst. It is the man of salvation, the wise, the invincible, he shall count his enterprises by his victories.

He shall drive out the enemy of France, he shall march from victory to victory until the day of divine justice.

That day he shall command seven kinds of soldiers against three to the quarter of Bouleaux between Ham Woerl and Paderhorn. Woe to thee, people of the North, thy seventh generation shall answer for all thy crimes. Woe to thee, people of the East, thou shalt spread afar the cries of affliction and innocent blood. Never shall such an army be seen. Three days the sun shall rise upwards upon the heads of the inhabitants without being seen through the clouds of smoke. Then the commander shall get the victory ; two of his enemies shall be annihilated ; the remainder of the three shall fly towards the extreme East.

William the second of the name shall be the last King of Prussia. He shall have no other successors save a King of Poland, a King of Hanover, and a King of Saxony.

* *The War and the Prophets*, p. 75. This prophecy is clearly apocryphal. It does not appear in the exhaustive work of the Abbé Curique, *Voix Prophetiques*, 1872. Cf. *Prophecies and Omens of the Great War*, by Ralph Shirley, p. 16.

The prophecy of Mayence appears to owe its origin to the old German prophecy of the Birch Tree, to which it bears a considerable resemblance. The latter is a folk-lore prophecy, and is thought by Father Thurston to have its origin in "the interpretation of Armageddon in the Apocalypse."*

A translation of it is given in *Blackwood's Magazine* for May, 1850 :—

A time shall come when the world shall be godless. The people will strive to be independent of king or magistrate, subjects will be unfaithful to their princes. Neither truth nor faith prevails more. It will then come to a general insurrection, in which father shall fight against son, and son against father. In that time men shall try to pervert the articles of faith, and shall introduce new books. The Catholic religion shall be hard pressed, and men will try with cunning to abolish it. Men shall love play and jest and pleasure of all kinds at that time. But then it shall not be long before a change occurs. A frightful war shall break out. On one side shall stand Russia, Sweden, and the whole north; on the other France, Spain, Italy, and the whole south under a powerful prince. This prince shall come from the south.

He wears a white coat with buttons all the way down.

He has a cross on his breast, rides a grey horse, which he mounts from his left side, because he is lame of one foot. He will bring peace. Great is his severity, for he will put down all dance music and rich attire. He will hear morning mass in the Church at Bremen (according to some traditions he will read mass). From Bremen he rides to the Haar (a height near Werl); from thence he looks with his spy-glass towards the country of the birch tree, and observes the enemy. Next he rides past Holtum (a village near Werl). At Holtum stands a crucifix between two lime trees; before this he kneels and prays with outstretched arms for some time. Then he leads his soldiers, clad in white, into the battle, and, after a bloody contest, he remains victorious.

The chief slaughter will take place at a brook which runs from west to east. Woe! woe! to Budberg and Sondern in those days.

* *The War and the Prophets*, p. 68.

The victorious leader shall assemble the people after the battle, and address to them a speech in the church.*

There is also a prophecy of one Jaspers—a peasant of Westphalia—which somewhat resembles this prophecy and the prophecy of Mayence. He places the site of the battle “at the birch trees between Unna Hamm and Werl.”

He fixed the date at 1850.† The site of the battle is placed in these three prophecies in the neighbourhood of Essen (Krupp's works). There is a certain resemblance to the Kaiser in the prince mentioned in the prophecy of the birch tree, but he is stated to be the chief of the Latin nations!

There is an old Turkish tradition that when the dogs leave Constantinople their masters will have to go. As is well known the Young Turks abolished the famous scavenger dogs from the streets of Constantinople.

In the *Bristol Mirror*, in 1854, appeared the following lines ‡ :—

In twice two hundred years, the Bear
The Crescent will assail.
But if the Cock and Bull unite
The Bear will not prevail.
In twice ten years again
Let Islam know and fear,
The Cross shall stand,
The Crescent wane, dissolve and disappear.

This was published at the time of the Crimean War.

* *Predictions Realised*, by Horace Welby, 1862, p. 157. There are several versions of this prophecy, see *Voix Prophetiques*, 1872 ed., vol. II, p. 661.

† *The War and the Prophets*, p. 73. It is only fair to the memory of Jaspers to say that the date is not given in *Voix Prophetiques* nor in *Predictions Realized*. *Blackwood's Magazine* appears to be the authority for the date.

‡ *Predictions Realized*, p. 167.

A version of these lines appears in a letter to the *Observer*, signed Harriette S. Tate, and dated 9th November, 1915, but there are some notable differences. The first line commences "In 1854 the Bear," and the fifth line is "In three-score years again I ween."

The alterations are certainly curious!

There is a strange Eastern prophecy, ascribed to the Greek patriarch,* Kosmas:—

When you see the thousand ships assemble near the coasts of the Grecian peninsula, then children, women, and old men must escape into the mountains in order to fly from the sword of the Anti-Christ, until the moment when the allied armies march upon Constantinople.

There blood will flow in such abundance that a lamb might swim in it. Happy will be those who shall live after these occurrences. The Turks will be divided into three parts. One will perish in the war, the second will retire to Asia, and the third will be converted to Christianity.

Of another order is the oft-quoted prophecy of Heine:—

Christianity—and this is its highest merit—has in some degree softened, but it could not destroy, that brutal German joy of battle. When once the taming talisman—the Cross—breaks in two, the savagery of the old fighters, the senseless Berserker fury, of which the northern poets sing and say so much, will gush up anew. That talisman is decayed, and the day will come when it will piteously collapse. Then the old stone gods will rise from the silent ruins, and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes. Thor, with his giant's hammer, will at last spring up and shatter to bits the Gothic cathedrals.

Events have proved this to be true, but Heine's fore-

* This prophecy appeared in the *Occult Review*, in November, 1914, when, as the editor now points out, "the Turks had not of course entered into the war, nor indeed did it seem probable they would do so." I have been unable to identify the patriarch Kosmas. His name does not appear in any Biographical Dictionary I have consulted.—A. H. B.

cast seems to be rather an interpretation of German character than a prophecy.

The prophecy ascribed to the late Count Tolstoy is well worthy of consideration, for if the gift of divination still exists, it might be expected that it would be found in that eminent writer and philosopher. The authority for it is Countess Nastasia Tolstoy, the niece of the author.

It must, however, be observed that its authenticity has been questioned.

The great conflagration will start in about 1912, set by the torch of the first arm of a woman who represents commercialism, in the countries of South-Eastern Europe.

It will develop into a destructive calamity in 1913.

In that year I see all Europe in flames and bleeding. I hear the lamentations of huge battlefields. But about the year 1915 a strange figure from the North—a new Napoleon—enters the stage of the bloody drama. He is a man of little military training, a writer or a journalist, but in his grip most of Europe will remain till 1925. But then a great reformer arises. He will clear the world of the relics of monotheism, and lay the corner-stone of the temple of pantheism. God, soul, spirit, and immortality will be molten in a new furnace, and I see the powerful beginning of an ethical era. The man determined to this mission is a Mongolian-Slav. He is already walking the earth, a man of active affairs.

He himself does not realize the mission assigned to him by a superior power.*

Whether or not this prophecy is authentic, there is no sign as yet of a new Napoleon.

The prophecy of Dom Bosco,† foretelling the overthrow of Germany, is, according to Father Thurston, “a deliberate imposture.”

The Curé d’Ars ‡ is said to have prophesied the

* *Prophecies and Omens of the Great War*, p. 45.

† *The War and the Prophets*, p. 45, in which Father Thurston gives his reasons for this conclusion.

‡ *Voix Prophetiques*, vol. II, p. 183.

burning of Paris and the return of the Prussians to France.

Although it has been applied to the present time, it would appear to have referred to the War of 1870-71.

There is one prophecy which cannot be lightly dismissed—that of the Blessed Andrew Bobola.*

It first appeared in print in Italian in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, in 1854. The incident is said to have occurred in 1819 at Vilna.

The apparition of the Saint came to Father Korzeniecki while he was brooding over the fate of Poland, bade him open the window, and showed him, not the surrounding country, but the territory of Pinsk, in which were masses of Russians, Turks, French, English, Austrians, Prussians, and other peoples whom the monk was unable to distinguish exactly, all fighting in a most bloody war. On being asked for an explanation the Saint replied, "When the war which has just been portrayed to you shall have been succeeded by peace, Poland will be re-established, and I shall be recognized as its patron saint."

The Pinsk marshes are part of the present battle-ground.

There is a curious connexion between numbers and prophecy.† A story is told that Prince William, afterwards first German Emperor, consulted a gipsy woman in the year 1849. She told him to add the figures to the year which gave the product 1871—in that year he would be German Emperor; to repeat the process which gave the number 1888—that would be the year of

* *Voix Prophetiques*, vol. I, p. 329.

† See letter to the *Times*, Aug. 31, 1914. *Prophecies and Omens of the Great War*, p. 12. *The War and the Prophets*, p. 90.

his death; and again to do the same which produced the figure 1913—the doom of Germany.

While the first dates have proved correct, Germany certainly was not doomed in 1913. The believers have two explanations.* The one is that the Kaiser, knowing the prophecy, avoided war in 1913; the other that the date was postponed owing to the prayers of good people.

The most important prophecy of the War is undoubtedly that of the brother Johannes.

It has gone through numbers of editions in France and England, and has been largely believed.

It appeared first in the Paris *Figaro*, in two parts, on Sept. 10th and Sept. 26th 1914.

It was contributed by Monsieur Péladan, a well-known writer of occult novels.

He claimed to have found it amongst his father's papers. It consists of thirty-four verses or paragraphs. It describes how Anti-Christ (the German Emperor) will make war. "He will have an eagle in his coat of arms," and he will have "a confederate, the other wicked monarch."

Then follow three verses describing how a new Pope—Benedict—will curse the Anti-Christ, and this will cause the death of the Anti-Christ's ally.

It will require an effort from all lands for the cock, the leopard and the white eagle would not suffice to overcome the black eagle if they are not helped by the prayers and devotions of all the human race.

The ferocity of the war is minutely described. Eventually—

The Anti-Christ will lose his crown, and will die demented and

* See on this point, Rawson's *How the War will End*, p. 43, note; also article in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, for October, 1915, by A. P. Sinnett, entitled "Our Unseen Enemies and Allies."

alone. His empire will be divided up into twenty-two states, but none will have either a royal house, or army, or vessels.

If this prophecy is genuine it is clearly of the first importance. It is therefore desirable to examine as closely as possible its history.*

Monsieur Péladan Père never published this prophecy, which seems extraordinary, as he had published a book of prophecies.

The Latin text has never been printed. The document first appears on 10th Sept., 1914. The three verses about the Pope have the appearance of an interpolation. The Pope was elected on 3rd Sept., a week before the publication of the prophecy. On the other hand, there is the evidence of a Madame Faust that more than twenty years ago she heard Sâr Péladan give this prophecy as a lecture at Liege. M. Péladan has since denied that he ever lectured on the prophecy.†

It seems clear that this prophecy cannot be accepted.

If those prophecies relating to the War, whose appearance only dates from 1914, are omitted, the number which is left is not great.

The writings of Nostradamus and Paracelsus, the prophecies of Lehnin, Orval, Jaspers, the story of the Blessed Andrew Bobola, and the tradition of the Battle of the Birch-tree, are the only ones of importance which remain.

Nostradamus and Paracelsus are too obscure to afford much guidance. The prophecy of Orval is an obvious imposition, written with a purpose, and much of the prophecy has been already falsified.

The Battle of the Birch-tree does, however, contain certain elements which might prove true, while the story

* For full statement of the case, see *The War and the Prophets*, p. 55.

† *Prophecies and Omens of the Great War*, 3rd ed., p. 26.

of the vision of the Blessed Andrew Bobola—undoubted as to the date of its publication—might be fulfilled. The prophecy of Lehnin is on an altogether different basis. It is ancient, it is curious.

It cannot, however, be said that a close perusal of this prophetic literature is convincing, and it is not unfair to draw the inference from it that, so far as this War at least is concerned, there has as yet been found no prophecy which can be considered as inspired.

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